

the voyageur



1953-54

the voyageur

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STUDENTS AND STAFF

of

PICKERING COLLEGE

SPECIAL ASSISTANCE WAS GIVEN BY
PETER LEDUC AND OTHER MEMBERS
OF THE STAFF OF "THE QUAKER
CRACKER": DONALD DOWNS, DICK FACER,
ALF RUYS, AND JOHN WESLEY

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To

ROBERT E. K. ROURKE

B.A. (*Queen's*)

A.M. (*Harvard*)

A Teacher

A member of the staff of Pickering College, 1927-1947

Headmaster of Pickering College, 1947-1953

Gilbert and Sullivan impresario and author

*Presently Chairman of the Department of Mathematics
at Kent School, Kent, Connecticut*

THIS EDITION OF THE VOYAGEUR IS DEDICATED
WITH AFFECTION AND RESPECT



R. E. K. Rourke, A. M. (Harvard)

—Ashley and Crippen

a personal word

IT COULD BE SAID that the following pages reflect the record of a new regime at Pickering. It is true that our College had a different Headmaster during the past year—our eighth since 1842—but it would be a mistake to lay too much stress on the adjective “new”. The strength of Pickering is in the ideals and convictions which our founders, the Society of Friends, held in the beginning and which their successors have continued to try to inculcate in the members of our beloved community up to the present time. As times change and the outward appearance of daily life takes a different form, the principles underlying our philosophy should not vary for they belong eternally to the realm of faith.

During the year just past, therefore, we have striven to hold true to the bases of the philosophy of education handed down to us. I trust that Old Boys and former masters and friends of the College, on their frequent visits to the hill-top, have found the same friendly atmosphere, the same understanding yet firm approach to the problems of growing up, the same effort to transfer the responsibility of discipline from the older to the younger according to the latter's capacity to guide his own life.

In this educational process mistakes are bound to appear, but what impressed me most about our year together, was the harmony which prevailed among staff and students in our common effort together. As in all human institutions, we had our successes and our failures, but in times of difficulty I was grateful for the strong determination to make “this city not only not less but greater, better and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us.” To the members of the staff and to the students, who helped to create this spirit of basic harmony, I express my heartfelt thanks. I was most fortunate, during my first year as Headmaster, to receive in full measure their goodwill and ready co-operation. To parents, Old Boys, and members of the Board, I should also like to extend this word of appreciation. In particular our Chairman, Mr. Samuel Rogers, provided friendly guidance throughout the whole year.

And now to the future! I look forward with enthusiasm and confidence to the years that lie ahead. Our past year has strengthened my conviction that Pickering College has much to offer in the field of Canadian education. The principles of the past and the people of the present will provide the strength we need to continue the kind of education which we people of Pickering love and understand. As students have heard me say so often in recent months, our human potential is great indeed provided that we remain true to our faith.

HARRY M. BEER



HARRY M. BEER, B.A.
HEADMASTER

editorial

MANY GRADUATES OF PICKERING COLLEGE will be leaving the school this summer in order to continue their education at an institute of higher learning or to begin work. They will quite naturally be filled with hope and confidence in the future. They will have painted pictures of success, filled with rosy skies and lush pasture.

The sad part of the story is that most of these students have the notion, that as soon as they leave their university with a degree, they have the right to a top salary in an industrial company or to a leading position in whatever career in life they have chosen.

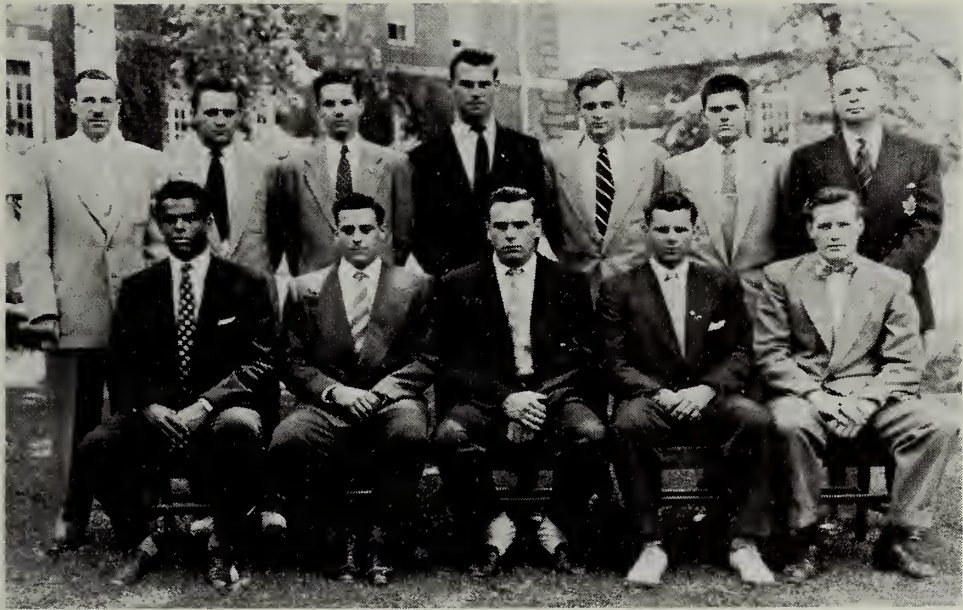
Any student who can apply himself right at the beginning of his university career, and keep from indulging in every little distraction that might present itself should succeed in life. There is a fairly large percentage of young men who go to university with the wrong impression, that a university is a kind of pleasure resort with all the expenses being paid by their fathers. Anyone who is facing the prospect of having to pay his own way through college, by working summers or part-time during the year, will appreciate the fact that a college education is an opportunity and not to be taken for granted.

It is most important for them to realize that they will not be treated with kid gloves, as their parents and teachers have been doing either consciously or without realizing it. They may apply for a job which a hundred others with the same qualifications have been refused.

A university education is very definitely something to be desired, but unless a student can approach it as a sort of sub-career in which he must learn to fare for himself and do his best work, he may as well not go through with his plans because he will certainly be unsuccessful and unhappy in any position he may be able to attain.

A student who has worked hard at college and who has his degree, should not stop right then in his climb up the ladder of success. He is like a soldier who leaves for war and who has just been issued bullets; he hasn't killed any enemy soldiers yet but he is ready to play his part in the war. A university degree is a necessary armament for a man who wants to hold a responsible position, *but*, he should not get too overconfident. If he builds himself up in his own mind to a large extent, he runs the risk of being disappointed. This can be the cause of some disillusionment and may make the hard working fellow think he didn't work hard enough.

The best attitude to have when beginning a university career, or when entering life on your own is one of open-mindedness and of determination.



THE SCHOOL COMMITTEE

FRONT: *King, Crawford, Wesley (chairman) Stewart, Enerson*

STANDING: *The Headmaster, Tattle, Leduc, Paterson, Skuse, Dean, Mr. Stewart.*

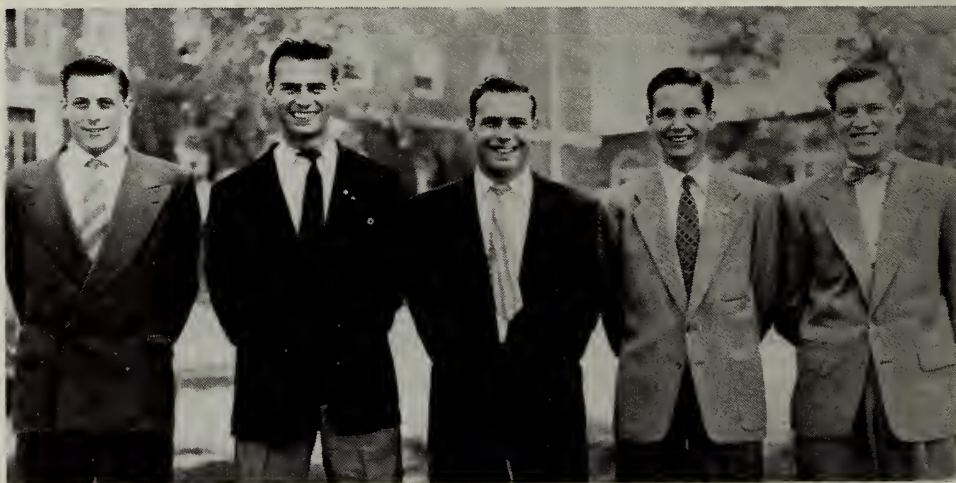
school committee

PICKERING STUDENTS DO NOT SEEK the office of membership on the School Committee; the honour is thrust upon them by the vote of their fellows. For this reason the high standard of service attained generally by committee members over the years is the more remarkable; they must carry out responsibilities which they have not asked for, and justify a confidence and trust revealed to them all too suddenly. It would appear that the satisfaction to be gained by being a member of the School Committee must depend very little on outward marks of status and prestige, which are negligible, and very much on the member's private knowledge of the extent to which he has been successful in subordinating lesser personal inclinations to greater community issues, thereby meeting manfully the challenge of office.

On this basis the members of the Committee of 1953-1954 must have gained great satisfaction from their work. Under the chairmanship of John Wesley, they carried out efficiently their more obvious duties: organizing dances, running New Boys' Day, assisting with arrangements for banquets, especially at Christmas, setting up clean-up and waiter routines, making preparations for

Visitors' Day, handling suggestions made in Wednesday assemblies, ensuring efficient fire-drills, and so on. But less obvious and perhaps more important was the leadership provided by the Committee in less specific ways, a type of contribution underlined by the two Chapel services offered by committee members. They operated, however, not by precept alone, but for the most part by example as well, in handling various problems relating to the "tone" and morale of the School. They have handed over the "city not only not less, but greater" than it was handed to them; they have strengthened foundations; on them future committees can build yet higher.

school awards



Crawford, Paterson, Wesley, Leduc, Enerson

JOHN WESLEY of Thornhill was the winner this year of the Garratt Cane. This award is made each year by members of the graduating class to the one among them who most closely approximates in his way of life in the community the ideals of the College.

DOUG CRAWFORD, GARTH ENERSON, PETER LEDUC, IAN PATERSON and JOHN WESLEY were winners of the Widdrington Award for the enrichment, which they provided in various ways, of life at Pickering. John Meisel, of the Department of Political Science at Queen's, and George McCowan, of the Crest Theatre and the Straw Hat Players, former winners of this award, spoke at the Closing Dinner of the continuing value of the attitudes and interests symbolized by this award.



ROGER WILSON was the winner of the Rogers Cane, given to that student in Firth House who best expresses, for his House and Pickering, the Firth House motto, "all for one, one for all".

The School congratulates these students, and records its thanks to them for the sound leadership they have provided.

the graduating class

"Bene Provisa Principia Ponantur"

WE HERE RECORD in note form some of the specific activities with which the members of our graduating class have been associated during the school year. Such notes as these cannot attempt to take into account our senior students' most important contribution, which they make by the attitudes they display from day to day towards their academic responsibilities, towards one another and other members of the community, and towards the ideals of the College.

TOM CONNOR—From Grimsby, Ont., was with us for a year . . . played senior football and hockey . . . a convincing "MacGregor" in the Dramatic Club . . . with the Rooters' Club and an "Englishman" in this year's "Pinafore".

DOUG CRAWFORD—a seven year man from Toronto . . . centre in senior football . . . senior basketball and volleyball . . . a Widdrington award winner who was associated with the Glee Club for many years . . . tried to convert wild and woolly Enerson to a good Easterner . . . Engineering at U. of T. is next on his list after working in Northwest Territories for the summer.

AL CHAMBERS—Hails from Hamilton . . . active in second football, basketball and especially track; he was on the winning Senior Shuttle Hurdle Relay team on Quaker Relay day . . . member of Glee Club and of the Poliken Club . . . Al plans to work for a year and then go to U. of N.B. to study forestry.

PAUL DEAN—A northerner from Sudbury, Ont. . . . a real driver on the senior football and hockey teams . . . "Moose" was this year's Rudy man on the committee . . . Rooters' Club member and a P.C. Bird Watcher . . . Business at U.W.O.

GARTH ENERSON—another upholder of our Lethbridge tradition . . . played senior football and hockey . . . bore our colours in several ski meets . . . a member of the "30" club . . . Glee club . . . Dramatic club . . . as social convener of the school committee, he organized some fine dances . . . a Widdrington Award Winner.

JIM HAYDEN—from way down south: Toronto . . . played second football, active in Glee club and Polikon club . . . headed this year's Sanitation Department at P.C. (clean-up list) . . . He's interested in developing his future in the world of commerce, probable via Ryerson.

PETER LEDUC—habitant from Iberville, Que. . . . played senior football . . . second hockey . . . Polikon Club . . . Quaker Cracker editor . . . two years in the Dramatic Club . . . tailor for Glee Club . . . School Committee . . . Widdrington Award Winner . . . Next year's plans: Engineering at U. of T.

MANUEL MARINAKYS—from that Honduran Hot Spot . . . a tricky man on the senior soccer team . . . played Orfuns basketball, senior volleyball . . . plans to work in this country for a while and will eventually go to McGill.

DAVID MICKLE—A two-year upholder of the northern tradition, who has recently succumbed to the pull south, in St. Catherines . . . rugged first team rugby player . . . second hockey team . . . member of Polikon Club, Glee Club . . . plans on beginning business career, preferably in hardware.

RUSSELL MUNCASTER—with us one year from Sudbury . . . played second football and goalied for the second hockey team . . . Glee Club and Polikon Club supporter . . . Future: President of Canadian Tire after studying Retail Merchandising at Ryerson.

REG NASH—a Woodstock whistler who whistled his way into our hearts from the first day he arrived . . . the only lineman to score a touchdown for the senior football team all season . . . played Orfuns basketball and pitched a softball for Dean's Dizzy Demons . . . member of the Rooters' Club . . . Dick Deadeye in "Pinatore" . . . Silver Salts Club . . . Reg plans to take an Arts course at either McMaster or Western.

NORDY NOSOV—by dogsled from Ansonville, Ontario . . . defenseman on Senior Hockey team . . . "30" Club . . . plans on business, on the spot in Ansonville or at U.W.O.

IAN PATERSON—a five-year man from Toronto . . . played senior soccer for four years (Capt. '52, '53) . . . Blue Team Year Captain . . . Volleyball team captain . . . Second Hockey Team . . . Orfuns Basketball (51-52) . . . active in track and field . . . was alternately president and secretary of the "30" club . . . two years in Dramatic Club, similarly Glee Club . . . School Committee (fire chief) . . . Widdrington Award Winner . . . Ian's going to England for practical training in engineering and will be back for his degree.

JOSE PIEROBON—another Latin-American from Honduras . . . Senior Soccer team bulwark . . . Orfuns Basketball . . . Senior volleyball . . . Jose will be working in Canada this summer and plans to go to McGill later on.

BOB ROSS—from Mattawa in the north country . . . second football . . . third hockey and basketball . . . Charter member of the Commercial Club . . . Bob will ultimately be quite active in the business world.

ALF RUYS—our only Oakville man, here seven years . . . Senior football . . . senior hockey team manager . . . a remnant of the fallen Princes who joined the Polikon Club . . . a memorable "Johnny" in this year's Dramatic Club presentation . . . Quaker Cracker editor this year . . . Red team year captain . . . very active in track last year but doctor's orders prevented him this year . . . Alfie plans to go to Middlebury College in Vermont.

WAYNE SIMMS—another tower of northern strength . . . played first football and basketball . . . volleyball . . . one of the Rooters' Club's mathematical wizards . . . Red team Sports Day Captain . . . plans to take Engineering at R.M.C. or Queens.

WARREN SKUSE—from London-on-the-Thames, Ont. . . . first football . . . Secretary of the School Committee . . . Rooters' Club . . . Wrassling? . . . he plans on (and we quote): "Arts at Western or ditch-digging".

DAVE STEWART—from Toronto-Rosedale . . . Senior football . . . senior hockey . . . active in track and field throughout his years at Pickering College . . . ditto lacrosse and basketball and tennis (and wrassling) . . . Polikon Club . . . Food man on this year's committee . . . plans further study at the XIII level.

JOHN TATTLE—also from Rosedale in Toronto . . . sparked the senior football team at the very beginning of the year . . . ditto the senior hockey team . . . played senior volleyball and was on the track teams . . . tennis . . . Rooters' Club . . . Dress man for the school committee . . . firm belief: that all weekends should be long week-ends . . . plans for next and subsequent years: Engineering at U. of T.

DOUG THOMSON—a Montrealer who played on the first football team, soccer (1950) . . . active in track and field, lacrosse, basketball and wrestling (?) throughout his five years here . . . Quaker relays: on winning Shuttle hurdle relay team . . . Rooters' Club . . . Camera Club (1950-1) . . . Quaker Cracker staff (51, 52, 53) . . . Glee Club for three years . . . stage lighting for Dramatic Club . . . next year: engineering at Queen's.

JOHN WESLEY—a young upstart from Thornhill, Ont. . . . Garratt Cane Winner . . . Senior football . . . a strong defenseman on senior hockey team . . . Blue team year captain . . . a slightly "pink" member of the Polikon Club . . . chairman of the School Committee . . . a Widdrington award winner . . . Doc plans on following in his Dad's footsteps: medicine at U. of T., then to get a few race horses.

ELWOOD WHITE—hails from Pickering, Ont. . . . Senior football . . . second hockey . . . another charter member of the Commercial Club . . . "Woody" plans to go to Ryerson next fall and then pursue a business career.

RON ZWARYCH—from St. Catherines, Ron played senior football . . . volleyball . . . senior basketball . . . treasurer of the "30" Club . . . very active in track and field . . . captain of the winning Silver team on Sports Day . . . Ron will either start work right away or will go into Business Administration at University.

*The
kingdom
shall be where two or three of you
shall meet
in love and in wonder at the loveliness of life
and in good cheer and in
remembrance*

an old boy looks at pickering

(A Speech, given by John Meisel at the Closing Dinner, June 7, 1954)

IT IS TEN YEARS AGO since I attended my last final banquet as an active member of Pickering College. I mention this not to bring tears of sympathy to your eyes for the venerable decrepit old gent who is about to speak to you. No, I want to mention the ten year interval between my final banquet and to-night to show that I can look at P. C. with some air of detachment, some perspective.

I shall need this perspective, because I want to say something about what Pickering does for its sons. Drawing on my memories of my experience here as a student, of Blackie telling me to mind my posture, and more important, of Blackie showing me that while ill-health may debar me from playing games it need not prevent me from getting a lot of fun out of helping to build a tennis court; of Don Stewart laying the foundations which helped me last summer to find in Stratford, Ontario, breath-taking beauty and indescribable excitement; of Harry Beer sitting with us on the School Committee, helping us in large measure to run our own school and more directly helping me, perhaps, to prepare myself for what I hope to be a life-time of studying the way people run their political affairs; — drawing on these and thousands of other memories I shall try to tell what I think Pickering has done for me, and what it continues to do for you.

But to make some sort of assessment of our school I shall also have to draw on the experiences I have had since I left here, on meeting recent graduates of Pickering and of other schools at the two Universities where I have studied, and at Queen's.

At Queen's, some of us are in the process of making a study of what happens to an average group of students during their three or four years at University. We took all the freshmen who entered the Arts Faculty in 1949 and traced their University careers. Out of some 380 students 160 never completed their studies.

The reason I mention these shocking figures is this: anyone who has managed to get a half-decent Senior matric, need not worry about passing at University. I don't think that I have ever worked harder at my studies than I have during my final year at Pickering. The reason for so many University students' dropping out is not that the work is so hard, but that the students are unable or unwilling to organize their work intelligently. Most of them come to University from reasonably strict homes where *their parents* make them work hard. Sometimes it is their *teachers* who see to it that their homework is kept up. At University, some of these young people (whose life has been so carefully run for them) go to pot, because for the first time they are on their own. No one wipes their noses for them, nor does anyone force them to work.

Now, looking at my Pickering days, I see that one of the most valuable lessons Pickering taught me and my classmates was contained in the responsibility the school placed on our shoulders. As the Pickering boy grows older he is given an ever-increasing measure of responsibility. He must make his own decisions about how to spend his time: how much of it he will spend on studies, games, clubs, dramatics, Glee Club, the shop, social life, girls, and so on. He must elect his own School Committee, and through it, he himself helps to run an important part of Pickering's life. In assuming these responsibilities he is helped by the staff but in the long run the important decisions are his own.

When he leaves the school to enter adult life, through further studies or a job, he is not punch-drunk with the sudden freedom and independence he has just won from his parents and teachers. He has already learned that most of the important decisions in our lives must be made by ourselves. The lesson the Pickering boy has learned is that the making of these decisions gives us freedom, but that it also forces us to go through the unpleasant business of having to make up our own minds.

By gradually introducing the student to the responsibilities of running his own community, Pickering prepares its sons for a useful life in our Canadian democracy. This may not be apparent to you at the time, but I am convinced that this is one of the important contributions our school makes to our country.

There is one other point I should like to make about Pickering; the way in which it is run teaches its members to live in a genuine community. They soon realize that individual desires must sometimes be suppressed for the common good.

We must always be mindful of the well-being of others, but we must not allow others to interfere too much with the *legitimate* demands of our own person.

In Kingston, where I live, there is some concern among parents of very good students about their children's attitude to studies. Apparently the less academically gifted youngsters, who are in the majority, think that to be "a brain" is a bad thing. Students who get good marks are considered to be "strange" and are treated as if they had some sort of nasty disease. As a result some excellent students deliberately try to get poor marks so as to be liked by the gang. Now this is obviously a dreadful waste, for the world needs not only people with good looks, good muscles, and a good "line", but also those with good minds and a lot of knowledge.

Now I remember that when I was here, to be a fine student or a fine athlete or something of a poet was considered to be rather admirable. Our motto might have been "Unity in Diversity" and I am sure that the same is still true to-day.

So when you leave the School, or when you come back in the Fall, do not be afraid to be yourselves. Make the maximum use of your talents, whatever they may be, and if some of your pals think that you are strange or peculiar, ignore them. I sometimes think that what we need is more individualists, more

people who have the courage of their convictions and who learn to live rich and creative lives in the face of jeers from the mediocre.

In leaving you, I should like to say this: those of you who are about to join the ranks of the Old Boys have had good training in being members of a wholesome community and at the same time in being individual persons, not carbon copies of the dummies who populate most of our comic books and much of the silver screen. You have nothing to fear of the world if you apply the Pickering way of life, even though Pickering may be far away. . . . Those of you who are returning will have further opportunities not only for allowing Pickering to help you, but also for yourselves helping Pickering.

a note on "so little for the mind"

WE AT PICKERING COLLEGE KNOW VERY WELL that the principle of progressive education is practicable. Miss Neatby contrasts the graduate of a "progressive" school to the graduate of a stricter type of school. She says that the former is "ignorant, lazy and unaware of the exacting demands of a society from the realities of which they have been carefully insulated." I believe that the exact opposite is true. The graduate of a strictly-disciplined school would become an excellent servant or a private in the armed forces where a person must conform to other people's wishes, whereas the graduate of Pickering knows how to be a good citizen because he has had experience in choosing between the bad and good of everyday life. He has an inner discipline which no amount of outward force can instil in the mind of an individual. How can Miss Neatby say, with such straight-forwardness, that the progressively-educated person is incapable of logic when every day, he is confronted with situations where he must use logic? If, indeed, he has managed to graduate and pass the Senior Matriculation exams, he has certainly had to use a little bit of logic and certainly couldn't have memorized everything off, as Miss Neatby has implied. I have been at both kinds of schools, and can appreciate the value of the ideals of Progressive Education. At the latter kind of school, the student is much happier and relies more on his own decisions rather than on those of his teacher. Miss Neatby has gone to extremes in her definition of a graduate of a "progressive" school. Naturally most schools are not as completely "progressive" as Pickering, so that, as a result, her survey has not accounted for the ideal progressive education aimed at in the ideals of Pickering College. I think Miss Neatby has rightly criticized the average public school, even though she has gone to the extremes about it, but she has assumed that the average public school student is "progressively educated". The fact is that the student at the average public school is not nearly as educated by the school as by his parents or guardians.

—PETER LEDUC

activities

the dramatic club

“MY HEART’S IN THE HIGHLANDS celebrates the beauty, integrity, and dignity of man’s spirit, and his courage before the dark powers that invade his peace and right,” wrote Herman Voaden in an introduction to Saroyan’s play which the Dramatic Club attempted last fall. It was a more “experimental” work than the Club has attempted in some years, and its measure of success was due even more than usual to the brilliant three-part set designed by Frederick Hagan, and a complicated lighting-plot executed by Doug Thomson with Bill Alger’s assistance. Our photo does not do justice to the grocery store, living-room, and front porch facing on a street in San Fresno, California. Shifts of scene were effected by blackouts and spotlighting, and free use was made of the auditorium space fronting the stage for entrances, crosses and exits.

The dwellers in this little world of sunshine and storm were *Ben Alexander*, a penniless poet, his son *Johnny*, *Johnny’s* Grandmother, *Mr. Kosak* the grocer, his beautiful daughter *Esther*, *Jasper MacGregor*, who sang movingly that his heart was in the highlands and remembered his former days of greatness as a Shakespearean actor, and various friends and neighbours. No plot linked the lives of these people; rather, they touched one another’s hearts with love and pity, living with the candid innocence of childhood. This mood was well established by Alfie Ruys’ fine creation of *Johnny*; relaxed and uninhibited, affectionate and curious, no one was proof against his charm, least of all *Esther*, convincingly and easily played by Janie Clifton. *Johnny*, however, was in every



way his father's son; he inherited from him a love of beauty, a passion for justice, a hatred of violence; with all these attributes and more—among them tenderness and stoicism and hope—Arthur Burt endowed *Ben Alexander*; the high point of his characterization was perhaps his moving speech against war, but his understanding of the role was consistently expressed throughout. Dick Powell brought to life a grocer torn between a desire to help others with all he had and the necessity of safeguarding his own family, and Peter Ledue quietly portrayed the eternal “old mother”, patiently taking for granted the rightness of the sense of values of her younger family. Tom Connor handled the role of *MaeGregor* with competence and understanding; it is no easy task for an actor to break into unaccompanied song, nor to quote effectively, as an old actor on the point of death, from *King Lear*, and to these particular challenges Tom responded very well indeed. Craege McQuarrie, Garth Enerson, Ian Paterson, Derry Moore, Bill Patten, Fred Little, Tom McCann, and Don Downs provided sound and colourful support; McCann's entrance on a bicycle from the rear of auditorium, as the mailman, was notable, as was Downs' whistling approach as a newsboy from the same quarter.

The play was directed by Mr. Stewart, but of direction in the formal sense there was a minimum; even more than in previous Club productions, the actors seemed to “live their parts”, and behave accordingly.

spring production

ON MAY 12TH MEMBERS OF GRADES IX AND X took part in producing A. A. Milne's *The Man in the Bowler Hat* and Galsworthy's *The Little Man*, and much credit is due Mr. Vangeloff and Mr. Clifton for bringing these plays to the boards in the middle of a short and crowded term. Farce is difficult under the best of circumstances, but what the players in the Milne play lacked in finesse they compensated for in enthusiasm. The trying and complicated inquiry into the whereabouts of “the key to the hatbox in the check-room” came off well, and Don Harris, Clark Mexicotte, and Ron Sutton are to be congratulated for the villainy, bravado, and ever-lovin' loyalty they brought to their respective roles.

The stuff of *The Little Man* is more challenging, and Mr. Clifton skilfully developed in his actors a sense of characterisation so that although each was a consistent and well-defined type, all were still believable as people. Paul Feldman sustained well the heavy role of the American, whose actions differed so markedly from his words; a Prussian ruthlessness was clearly conveyed by Alex Perron as the German; Dave Seatcherd was refreshingly uninhibited as the elownishly good-humoured Dutchman; Peter Feldman and Bob Maeklin were towering models of British reserve; Peter Campbell successfully overcame the dangers of female impersonation before one's friends so that the audience could

truly appreciate his bearing and emotion as the frantic peasant mother; and the simple quiet humanity of Jack Tipping's "Little Man" contrasted effectively with these strongly developed characters. Mr. Clifton's attention to properties was meticulous, and justified by the result. Tom McCann's sets were notable, especially that representing a continental railway carriage. It is good that the tradition of "drama in the spring" was so satisfactorily maintained and enhanced.

the glee club

IN THE QUAKER CRACKER FOR FEBRUARY, 1954, the following note appeared: "H. M. S. 'Pinafore' has begun to move slowly away from her moorings, with Admiral Cornell at the helm and Messrs. Carroll and Houston as First and Second Mates . . . The new crew is whipping into shape fast and, after a few more hours on the routine, should be ready to make a very good show of it on this trip. The Captain (Donald MacMillan), and Dick Deadeye (Reg Nash), with able assistance from the Boatswain's Mate (Tom Connor) and the Carpenter's Mate (Don Race), are learning their new duties fast and should be



soon ready to move into pitched battle. The girls on this trip we know will make a very fine showing. With only a few hours of sea-duty behind them, they are very rapidly finding their sea-legs . . . All the members of the ship's company and the passengers are working overly hard on this voyage . . . The 'Pinafore' will be in Portsmouth Harbour the 18th, 19th, and 20th of March."

The voyage was indeed successfully completed; the ship entered harbour dressed over-all, to the thoroughgoing pleasure of all who saw her. To this extent only will this reviewer attempt to sustain the metaphor published in the *Cracker* above the initials "T.C.". Mr. Ward Cornell again carried out with wit and aplomb the very demanding dual task of directing an operetta and presenting a leading role in it: his First Lord of the Admiralty was both comic and endearing, and the production which he directed maintained the tradition of precision, knowledgeability, and gaiety established "a many years ago". As his patient *Captain Corcoran*, Donald MacMillan happily fulfilled the promise given by his *Samuel* of the previous year's production: his stage presence was unfaltering, and his voice had gained in range and control. He complemented admirably the performance of Elizabeth Beer as *Little Buttercup*, warm and melodious in voice, and convincing in her acting of a role somewhat new to her repertoire. The Club was fortunate to have the assistance of Gloria Rivers and Dick Murray in the parts of *Josephine* and *Ralph*; they worked together splendidly in duet, and in solo and group work contributed much to the general standard of singing in the production. Miss Joan Widdifield was a pert and attractive *Hebe*, competently balancing the extravagances of her first cousin, *Sir Joseph*. The trying role of *Dick Deadeye* was intelligently handled by Reg Nash; he managed to be grotesque and villainous without being distracted from speech and song by the mannerisms involved. Don Raece and Tom Connor handled competently the parts of *Bob Becket* and *Bill Bobstay*, the latter the epitome of the "Englishman" of whom he sang so well; while Bob Branton was clearly a sergeant of Marines who would have fainted stiffly at attention had the need arisen.

All these were the more prominent members of a team backed by excellent choruses, of young ladies from Newmarket and young men from the College. We have come to expect happy collaboration in this area, and were not disappointed. By the discipline of voice and movement which they worked so hard to achieve, they once again gave an impression of ease and precision entirely unwarranted by the physical limitations of the stage on which they worked; and their interest and enthusiasm were infectious.

It was deeply regretted that Mr. Houston, who, with Mr. Carroll, had worked so hard on the musical side of the production, was unable to play the accompaniment during the final week of rehearsal and performance because of illness. This emergency was graciously met, however, by Mrs. Stewart, who, at very short notice, cheerfully gave the Club the benefit of her great skill and experience.

the chairman's ball

IN ORDER TO SPEND THE EVENING with his girl on the occasion of Valentine's Day, the Chairman of the School Committee decided that it would be a good time to have the annual "Informal Dance". The music was provided mostly by Doug Thomson and played by Ian Paterson and Jim Forbes.

The dance didn't get started until about nine o'clock but as the evening progressed, it became more and more enjoyable to everyone.

The masters' wives prepared most of the food and special credit goes to Henry, who cooked the ham, and Mr. Stewart, who tossed "real cool" salad. The masters' wives and the Nurse really went all out in preparing fancy "goodies" for us.

We were grateful to chairman Wesley and Ian Paterson for organizing such a pleasant evening.

o. l. c. dance

ON THE EVENING OF MAY THE FIRST, excitement rocked the age-old pillars on top of Mount Pickering. The fair damsels had arrived in their best finery. Music floated through the building and the atmosphere of spring was everywhere. Couples danced through the melodic atmosphere provided by Honourable musicians, Miller, Anthony, May and Tombstone. The balmy night was a perfect setting for this "tripping of the light fantastic", which was only interrupted by the consumption of a few morsels of refreshing delicacies. Midnight came only too soon and at the stroke of twelve, the roaring monster carried the lightfooted ladies into the darkness of night. Great thanks should be bestowed upon the participants, weather, social convener and personages who provided refreshments.

intermediate dance

A FEW OF THE BOYS in Grades X and XI decided that they weren't getting enough feminine company, so they decided to throw a big party in the Common Room. A few of the lads played housewife and cleaned up the room until it looked quite attractive. Meanwhile John Zehethofer, our genial record man, was installing the equipment, and the Boys from the Hilltop were downtown trying to "dig" up some local lovelies. The dance started at eight o'clock and stragglers kept coming in until nine. The dance was fairly well organized by then. There was a wide variety of dances: spot dances, broom dances, even shovel dances!

Everyone enjoyed himself immensely. It was well supervised and ran smoothly until the Zero hour, when, like Cinderellas, the girls donned their wraps and departed from the premises with their boys. Quite a few fellows made friends because of this dance. So many people looked forward to another that the Intermediate dance should become a traditional social event.

silver salts club

THIS CLUB IS ONE OF THE MORE "CONSTRUCTIVE" CLUBS in the school. We do a lot of experimenting, and sometimes come up with very good results. We have done quite a bit of work for other students in the school, and thus made sufficient funds for more equipment. Our small but functional lab. serves its purpose quite well for doing large quantities of work.

Maybe you are wondering just what our purpose is and how the name fits in with it. Well, to begin with, our name was derived from the sensitive salts which are on the developing paper. The club's purpose is to learn how the camera works, how to take correct pictures, and how to develop and print them. This purpose is greatly helped by our Science Master, Mr. Cherniak, who lectured to us on all these points.

We had an excellent display at the "Opera House" before Christmas, and I know that everybody who saw it enjoyed it very much.

hallowe'en night

"Who's that?"

"That? Oh! that's Mr. Rooks from Upper Centre,
costumed as our beautiful nurse!"

"Beautiful?"

"Well, ah, well, he's supposed to be. This is Hallowe'en!

THIS WAS SOME OF THE TALK heard in the corridors October 31, 1953. The festivities began at 6:15, when Pickering students, dressed in the traditional Hallowe'en regalia, sat down to a delicious chicken dinner in the dining room. The staff acted as waiters, and did a very fine job except for Mr. Beer, who went crashing to the floor, with a tray full of plates. Nurse Rooks rushed to his assistance in case he had cut himself.

Our own Miss Zadourian was the highlight of the costume parade, winning all the prizes except the grand prize, which was conceded to "blind-man" Alf Ruys. Other major attractions were the horse act, by the Prep, and the doctor-nurse team of Mike and Suzie Cornell. Old Boy Dave Evans was booed out of the running, for competing in the children's section. The Upper Corridor's funeral skit received one whistle and two claps.

The sing-song was followed with entertainment by the staff and Student Committee, in the assembly hall. The former produced a short melodrama revealing the inside story of a school committee meeting, while the latter produced a skit concerning a staff grading meeting. This gave us all some good laughs, and put us in the mood for the excellent movie which followed.

It was great fun, and a good time was shared by all. Credit should be given to the hardy young men on patrol.

new boys' day - 1953

THE FIRST SOUND ON THE MORNING of October 1, 1953 was that of Craege McQuarrie doing Dave Willis' shoes under the latter's careful scrutiny. The activity from there on was too varied to attempt to describe, but the old boys managed to get their beds made, windows washed, floors waxed, the flies picked off their ceilings, etc. . . .

The new boys looked immaculate at breakfast in their good clothes. The Old Boys weren't down to breakfast, because the new boys were bringing them theirs in bed!

Classes began at the usual time although they didn't proceed as normally as usual. The new boys waited at the door of the classroom until all the old boys were settled inside. The new boys made a very picturesque sight indeed, as they made their way through the routine of the day. They had to dress for meals, though, and I dare say that they will probably never be as well dressed for meals, for a long time to come.

There was a sort of an intermission after classes when the third team gave us a display of their skills in a well-fought game against Oak Park. Unfortunately they didn't win against the future East York Goliaths, but they put up a good battle.

After the evening meal, the old boys watched the skits, that the new boys have to put on every year and theatre tickets were given to the five best actors, rather than the best group. They were: Ken MacDonald, Bill Patten, Mr. Clifton, Paul Dean and Al Chambers, while the chorus line from "Romeo and Juliet" was given honourable mention.

The skits were followed by a rather hectic luncheon given by the old boys. The dishes were washed by the worst skitsters, who were in the "Shooting of Dan Magrew—Pickering Style."

The day was topped off with a drama full of suspense, starring James Mason, called "Odd Man Out" and I think it was a day which will long be remembered by all participants.

the closing dinner, june 7th, 1954

THE THEME OF OUR CLOSING DINNER was appropriately "The Year in Review" under the guidance of the Headmaster, Mr. Blackstock and Mr. Stewart. A feature of the dinner was the presence of several old boys. Dr. Norman Delarue and Jack Rayner presented colour awards; John Meisel and George McCowan gave us thoughtful addresses on the intellectual and artistic pursuits of life. Mr. "Chuck" Klein made the first colour awards. Allan Rogers presented the Rogers Cane to Roger Wilson and the Headmaster made the award of the Garratt Cane to John Wesley.

chapel 1953 - 54

WHEN OLD BOYS REMINISCE ABOUT PICKERING days, much is undoubtedly said of epic football games, records broken on Sports Day, seemingly non-stop bull-sessions in the quiet hours, examinations which were murderous, glorious Gilbert and Sullivan productions, and of a thousand other significant events and moments, highlighted by the friends who shared them. These things would not be woven into the whole cloth of "life at Pickering", however, were they not given pattern and texture and deep meaning by the ideas considered each Sunday evening during Chapel Service. Here a flame is re-kindled without which life would be cold and barren, from day to day and during the years away from Pickering; here a faith is forged; here the bright vision is seen whole, and its light endures.

The Headmaster in September initiated a series of talks in which, in the course of the year, members of the staff, guests, and students joined. His chats on "Our Inheritance", "Our Opportunity", and "Our School" made clear the Christian basis of education at Pickering, the eternal value of the Quaker precepts on which the School was founded, and a faith in humanity's future without which no philosophy of life is workable. His colleagues spoke on related themes—Mr. Stewart on "Ourselves" and "The Lord's Prayer"; Mr. Blackstock on "The Inalienable Rights of Athletes"; Mr. Cornell on "Bury the Dead"; Mr. McLaren on "Our Faith"; and at the final Chapel of the year, the Headmaster spoke on "In Trust For Mankind", an address which is reprinted below.

Two services in the winter term were conducted by members of the School Committee; they spoke with thoughtfulness and conviction, sharing with the community their individual emphases on the nature of the good life. John Wesley discussed "The Strength of our Convictions"; Ian Paterson spoke of "Foundations for the Future"; Warren Skuse's theme was "A Helping Hand"; and Bob King talked of "The Happy Warrior". In the second service, David Stewart took as his subject "The Lovely Virtue", J. M. Barrie's phrase for "courage"; Garth Enerson considered "A Way of Life"; John Tattle chose as his title "To Grow and Gain and Give"; and Paul Dean summed up the essential ideas of the seven previous speakers under the heading "Virtues".

The College each year is deeply indebted to visitors whose ideas, based on their studies and experiences in the larger community, are invariably stimulating and broadening. An interesting continuity of theme was sometimes apparent; thus, Rabbi Eisen, of Holy Blossom Temple, commented on "The Art of Living Together", Dr. Bernhardt had as his text "No Man Liveth to Himself", and Richard Broughton, a member of the Society of Friends recently arrived from England, posed the question "And Who is My Neighbour?". Fred Haslam described for us "The Quaker Approach to Life". Two Old Boys returned to guide our Sunday evening reflections, each distinguished in his field, of

anthropology and medicine: Dr. Alex Sim considered "The Adolescent and his Cultural Background", and Dr. Jack Denne spoke on "Attitudes". One Sunday, Mr. Wallace Forgie showed pictures of Camp Tonakela in India; he was accompanied by Dr. John Hastings, who later spoke in Chapel on "A Life of Service". Mr. William R. Cook conducted a service of readings; this was of especial interest because Mr. Cook had contributed largely to the creation of the form of worship which has been used since the re-opening of the School in 1927. Mr. Anthony Frisch, as Secretary of the United Nations Association in Toronto, discussed this world organization with special emphasis upon its final dependence on the attitudes of individual human beings.

With special pleasure we welcomed back two former Headmasters and present friends: Mr. Rourke told us his thoughts "On Coming Back", and Mr. McCulley made an impassioned plea for the life of the spirit under the heading "To-morrow is Already Here". These men have given us incalculably much in the past; we are so bold as to count upon their continuing generous interest in the future.



A Scene from the Grade X Production, *The Little Man*

in trust for mankind

The Headmaster's Address to the Graduating Class at the Closing Chapel,
June 6th, 1954.

*"They only are loyal to this school, who,
departing, bear their added riches in trust
for mankind".*

WITHIN THESE WALLS much has been thought and dreamt and pledged by you and by me in these days together, now so nearly past. For here surely, as autumn changed to winter and winter to spring, here, as we meditated under the guidance of Pickering men — Staff and Committee alike, of Rabbi, Quaker, one speaker in the twilight of his days, younger men on the threshold of lives of service, two former Headmasters who know and love our school, here surely, something was added to our stature, something of understanding, something of self-knowledge, — a vision of a better way of life which we reverently call the Kingdom of God. And now as we gather together for the last time, each one of us may look into his own heart to discover what has happened to himself within these walls. Those of you who know Pickering best, will know that everything of good in our school must find its roots here in Chapel, whether it be the way we live together, the way we play together, the ambitions and goals we set for ourselves, the kind of men we want to become.

These thoughts about our growth and development in the year past must be of special significance to those—our eldest sons—about to take their leave of Pickering, who are sitting with us tonight for the last time as students of this College. But is it necessary to tell you, men who have been here one, two, four, five or seven years, of the ideals which form the only justification for the existence of this school? I believe so!

One of the meanings of the verb to graduate is to change by degrees and as you leave this hill-top, there will be a change in the degree of responsibility you must accept. Whatever strength has been added unto you during your stay within these walls, has not been given for your own personal aggrandizement. It has possibly often seemed so, even to those of us who have had the responsibility for your education. At times you and we have forgotten the ultimate goal — that the only purpose of our being on this planet is to build Jerusalem in this our green and pleasant land, to help one another. Everything we do has this common basis . . . whether it be in the area of academics, athletics, intellectual pursuits, cultural absorptions . . . and now more than ever must *you* know, as Pickering men, that you bear a great trust.

What is this great trust? Is it made up of these tiresome truisms, these pat platitudes, these words, words, words? It is not! It is, indeed, based

on the principles we have learned here — but principles put into practice. What are these principles, what has Pickering given you, what are these added riches which we ask you to bear in trust? You know them as well as I.

They form a faith, a set of values, a set of attitudes. That faith is in a God who has given us the right to choose between good and evil. Call it, if you will, a belief in goodness. In biblical language it means “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy might, and thy neighbour as thyself.” From it stems our Quaker belief in the value of the individual, in service, in tolerance. Pickering men judge others on their merits; what matters race, colour, or a difference in the way in which we worship God or our individual concept of the ideal? Pickering, therefore, has given you a faith.

But Pickering has given you something else: a freedom in which you may test this faith, a freedom which may turn to license, whenever your faith fails, a freedom which carries with it a responsibility, for our individual freedom is limited whenever it trespasses on the rights or freedom of the group as a whole. One must learn to use freedom. At first we act like a litter of new born puppies learning to walk; we waver, totter and fall. But then with strength and practise we learn to walk with firmness and steadiness. Freedom gives self-knowledge. Pickering, therefore, has given you freedom in which to grow.

And Pickering has also given you an inner Force, a Strength, a Self-discipline, courage, if you prefer, to work out your faith, your ambitions, in a spirit of freedom. In our first Chapel service I likened our four pillars to Faith, Fun, Friendship and this Inner Force. This latter principle is the one which makes everything else fall into place. Have you ever noticed in a gathering, a bull-session in the corridors, a committee meeting, a staff meeting, when the conversation has become negative and unconstructive, someone will raise his voice in positive, forceful support of a principle, and the character of that gathering is thereby given heart and hope? Have you ever noticed within yourself, after a period of discouragement and aimlessness in the face of your heavy tasks, that you will suddenly take heart and fight? This is the spirit, born of your faith and sorely needed by it (if faith is to have any meaning) which we call the inner Light or Force. And so, those of you who are ready to graduate, go forth in this month of June, in the year of our Lord 1954, with a Faith, a standard of values, even if you do not think of it in those terms; an understanding of Freedom and a Force or Will to fight for your beliefs.

But, remember, the degree of your responsibility is now and forever greater, for these riches are given to you in trust to be defended, spread and passed on to others. Last year's School Committee Chairman used to raise a question about our school code; these beliefs, he said, are no monopoly of Pickering. Thank God for that! They represent the dreams and hopes and efforts of good men everywhere. Your loyalty now becomes a greater one, as it transfers from this College to the larger community, and I assure you Pickering will lose nothing in that transfer.

What will you find outside these walls? Many of you are going on to higher learning in University and Business College, some may be starting work. Will your lives be changed radically? What does the world need? I believe you will find the same problems, the same temptations, the same possibility of success and happiness.

You may find drudgery, but through faith and will that drudgery can become stimulating work; you may find frivolity, but with deeper purpose that frivolity can become good fellowship; you will certainly find hypocrisy — fight it with your own integrity; you are bound to find intolerance — do not accept it and do not remain silent in its presence; you will meet with failure, but never give up, for from that temporary failure a future success may spring; you will meet pessimism: avoid it like the plague and embrace forever hope — pessimism is fruitless, whereas hope allows a solution; you will find loneliness and sorrow and suffering, something the mind of man cannot understand, but even these the heart of man can envelop through a life of service and of helping others; you may find hatred in some of your personal dealings: put out the hand of love and friendship and that hatred will melt as surely as the winter's snows.

These principles which I have enunciated spring from our faith. These are the added riches you must bear in trust for mankind. Most of you, if not all, believe in them. But you will find the greatest obstacles to their realization in the forms of selfishness and slothfulness. Slothfulness—the very word is ugly, a kind of sickening inertia which dulls good minds, blinds clear vision. No — having these ideals we must state them and fight for them and sacrifice for them.

And so, men of Pickering, there is much for you to accomplish. We who remain have confidence that you “will not cease from mental fight, nor shall your sword sleep in your hand.” May this be true, too, of the school whose stamp you bear!

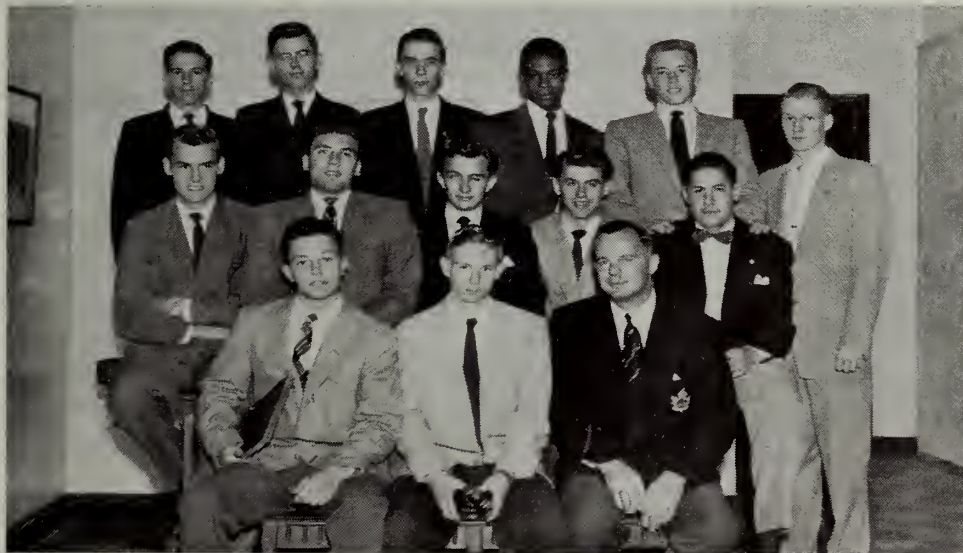
invitation clubs

thirty club

AN ENTERTAINING AND INFORMATIVE PROGRAMME was carried out this year by the Club members assisted on only two occasions by guest speakers. Mr. Roy Clifton found the members a sympathetic audience for his stimulating and thoughtful talk on spelling reform, and Kenneth Albert made graphically clear the technicalities of applied radio theory. The remaining meetings were enriched by the personal experiences and ideas of members. Debates and discussions were held, and talks were given on Ethiopia, Honduras and Latin America, Europe, and Florida. The traditional public debate with the Polikon Club took place on Visitors' Day. A musical programme was arranged in the Masters' Common Room at the last regular meeting, with masses of food organized by Messrs. Enerson and Stewart.

Joseph McCulley, M.A. (Oxon.), former Headmaster and presently Warden of Hart House, was the distinguished guest speaker at the closing banquet. He spoke of the broader implications of the philosophy of the School, with special reference to his work in prison reform and prisoner rehabilitation while Deputy Commissioner of Penitentiaries.

The following had executive responsibilities during the year: Messrs. Branton, Enerson, Farstad, McCann, McQuarrie, Paterson, Stewart, and Zwarych.



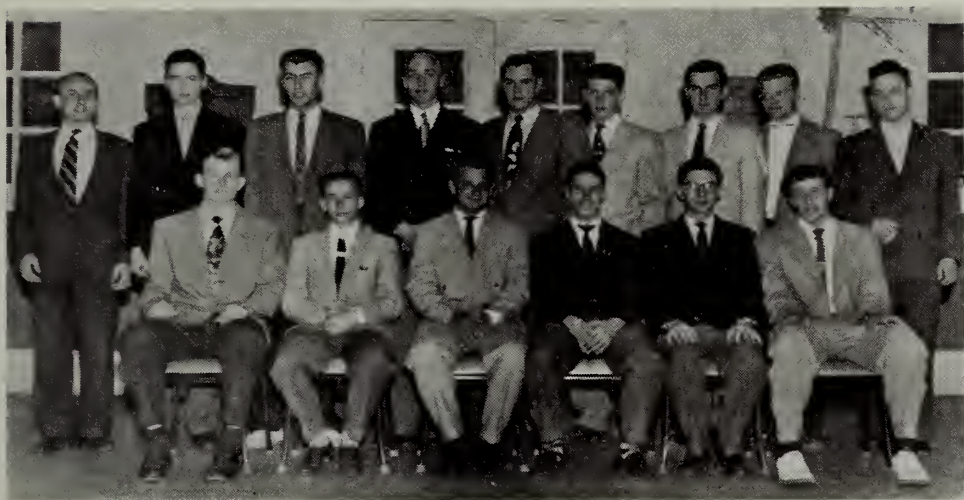
rooters' club

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN TWO decades the Root of Minus One Club operated without the services of their founder R. E. K. Rourke. The "spade work" had been well done, however, for the Rooters enjoyed another fine year. Membership this year was its highest since conception with six staff members and thirteen students. The programme was under the direction of Ward Cornell, Keith McLaren and Rudy Renzius.

Emphasis was still on the sciences and the programmes were varied, informative and interesting. Keith enlarged on the story of the earth as presented in *Life* magazine; Corky told of his visit to the Morehouse Planetary in Chapel Hill, North Carolina; Rudy delighted the Club with his own particular type of magic in the pewter shop of the craft shop; a highlight was a trip to the Ford plant in Oakville; there were lectures on mathematical fallacies, the mathematics of chance; films on aircraft production from the Bell Corporation in Buffalo. Guest speaker at the final banquet was Byng Whitteker of the CBC who spoke on actuality broadcasting. His presentation was as easy and as pleasant as his many radio programmes with which all club members seemed to be familiar.

John Zehethofer was the "suckertary" and did not abscond with any of the funds. Returning members are looking forward to next year's activities with great anticipation.





commercial club

EARLY IN THE SCHOOL YEAR the two commercial teachers at Pickering were approached by the members of the graduating class in commerce; they wanted to form a debating club which would place particular emphasis upon the discussion of topics in economics and business. Thus the Commercial Club was founded; like many other good things at Pickering it came from spontaneous student effort.

Weekly debates were held for the remainder of the fall term, and, after Christmas, until the close of the year. Some of the topics were: Would Canada benefit by annexation to the U.S.? Are our convicts too well-treated? Should Pickering be co-educational? (or, Ah! The Good Old Days!). For variety we had a "round-table" discussion on an actual business situation, the data for which was obtained from a book called *Problems in Marketing*; this material was mimeographed by the Grade XII class for the members. We also had one night of impromptu speeches, a night which will surely be remembered for Mr. Vangeloff's resourceful discourse on "A Rose is a Rose . . . etc."

The year's activities concluded with a Final Banquet at which it is safe to say that everyone enjoyed himself in spite of having to wear his best table manners. The main speaker was good. He was Mr. Joseph Vale, Q.C., a former mayor of Newmarket, and he spoke on municipal organization and politics; his obvious familiarity with his subject enabled him to give us an insight into the work of a town politician which was both humorous and interesting.

To all members of last year's Club—congratulations on a good year. Let those of us who are leaving wish our returning friends success in their future programme.

polikon club



THE POLIKON CLUB had a somewhat larger membership this year, as revealed by our picture. As a result, almost every shade of political opinion was represented in our debates, from the far reaches of the Russian steppes to the mid-west flavour of Wisconsin. Although these two extremes did not gain the support of the majority of the membership, they were used as a basis for taunts and jibes whenever our debators found themselves on insecure ground. Apart from our usual political debates there were also those of a lighter nature to test and develop wit and ingenuity. Our sole trip of the year was to a Hart House debate at which the Hon. Paul Martin was present. This debate on the subject of the United Nations was found to be most stimulating and our feeling was that Hart House was making a very fine effort to follow the traditions of the Polikon Club.

In order to give non-members some idea of our interests, we would like to list our debating topics for the year. The following debates were won by the affirmative side of the house: Resolved that Co-education would be in the best interests of Pickering College; that the Liquor Laws of Ontario should be revised; that Japan should be rearmed; that too much emphasis is placed on Athletics in North America; that the H-Bomb should not have been invented; that Columbus went too far.

The following resolutions were won by the negative: Resolved that Canada should become the 49th state; that Northern Ontario should become a separate

province; that Britain should have suspended British Guiana's Constitution; that Senator Joseph McCarthy is acting in the best interests of the United States; that Canada should require Military and Defence training for her youth; that Labour Unions should be abolished; that Quebec was justified in curbing the liberties of the Jehovah Witnesses; that Automobile designs are too futuristic; that the restrictions on immigration to Canada should be tightened; that Puerto Rico should be completely liberated from the United States of America; that Mercy Killing should be legalized.

Our year was completed in traditional style by a closing banquet. The guest speaker on this occasion was Mr. Brigham Day, National Secretary of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs. He gave an extremely enlightening discourse on Communism which the Honourable members considered to be the highlight of our year.

Clerks of the House for the three terms were Peter Leduc, David Stewart and James Forbes. The three Speakers of the House were, in turn, John Wesley, David Willis and Ralph Armstrong. At our closing banquet John Wesley was Chairman and David Stewart, as the oldest member, gave our "Review of the Year". As he said, our year was most enjoyable and intellectually active.

agricultural club

THE AGRICULTURAL CLUB, organized for the first time as such this year, was made up of some twenty members, mostly from Grade IX, with three or four from Grade X. The officers before Christmas were Bill Ward (President), Jack Tipping (Secretary), and John Bayne (Treasurer). After Christmas the officers were Clark Mexicotte (President), Jim Hethrington (Secretary) and Barry Boyce (Treasurer).

Several meetings before Christmas were taken up with a History of Farming, given by Mr. Clifton. After Christmas, Mr. Rod Green, of the School farm, spoke for two meetings on judging cattle.

The members of the Club took part in three jaunts. The first, in the Fall term, was to the Royal Agricultural Winter Fair; the second, in the Winter term, took them to the Ontario Agricultural College, for the "Little Royal" Fair; and the third was to Lady Eaton's farm, where they planted trees, and enjoyed a most delicious lunch outdoors at the stone barbecue.

At the final meeting the Club saw a film called THE RIVER, in which it was made clear that cutting down forests and single crop farming led to the loss of top-soil to rivers, and greater height of flood-water. This meeting was made more interesting for the members by the comments of Mr. Cockburn, the Agricultural Representative, both on the film, and on one of the Club's

experiments. This was the growing of beans in three pots, one filled with yellow sub-soil, one with barnyard manure, and a third with top-soil.

In the fall term, the members made a compost box from lumber, part given very kindly by Mr. Eves. But in filling the box mistakes were made. The filling was rather too late; snow was on the ground and was used in place of water to damp the heap, but it never melted, even on top of manure; and the heap was covered with impervious yellow sub-soil. The contents neither heated nor decomposed.

Out of the balance of funds left at the end of the year, a copy of *The Living Soil* by Lady Eve Balfour was bought and presented to the College Library, and a present was made to Mrs. Clifton in appreciation of the whole-wheat bread baked for the Club's after-meeting snacks during the year.

old boys' association

R. E. K. ROURKE
(*Honourary President*)

G. N. T. WIDDRINGTON
(*Honorary Vice-President*)

ALLAN D. ROGERS
President

Secretary-Treasurer—STUART R. HENRY

Committee Members

JOHN HOUGHTON HARRY PEACE JACK STRUTHERS TED CANNON

THE OFFICERS OF THE OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION named above were elected at the annual meeting held at the College on March 1st. Earlier in the evening the old boys had hopefully contested the present students in hockey and basketball, but to no avail. Youth won out in both games and the old boys had to be content with past memories of athletic glory in their own student days. At the annual meeting it was moved and seconded that the Old Boys' Association follow the example of their Lethbridge counterparts in raising money with which to provide a Scholarship for a boy from Eastern Canada. After the meeting we joined our ladies in the common-room for refreshments.

Under the guidance of President Rogers, now in his second term of office, the executive organized our annual reunion at the College on May 15th. The

winner of the K. C. Woods Trophy was, by odd coincidence, that same Allan D. Rogers. No-one suggested that there had been any juggling of golf scores by the Committee under his leadership. During the afternoon the annual Softball game was held between the old boys and the staff. The R. E. K. Rourke Memorial Cup, given each year to the loser of this epic match, was received on this occasion by the Masters.

At the banquet, after the presentation of the Trophy, the Cup, and various other prizes, the President presented a resolution to the meeting. At his suggestion it was moved and seconded that Old Boy Funds be made available for school improvements in addition to the earlier motion for Scholarship or Bursary assistance. First and foremost in the mind of the President was the erection of entrance gates at the front of the driveway leading to the College. He also suggested the need for improving the driveway itself and re-surfacing our beloved pillars. It is now possible to report that four brick pillars together with lamps will be erected before autumn.

The thanks of the College are extended to the present Old Boys' Executive who have spent a great deal of time furthering Pickering's interests. A special word of gratitude to old boy John Young should be mentioned for the fine work he has done for our Association. Any old boys whose names are not on the Association's mailing list should send their addresses to Harry Beer at the College. He will see that they reach the proper authority. Naturally the Executive is hopeful that as many old boys as possible will get behind the good work they are doing for the old school.

Births

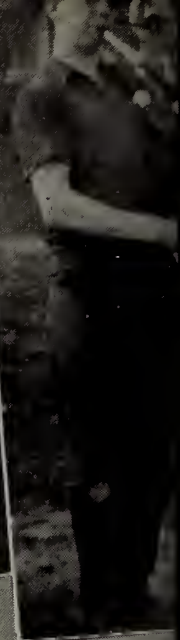
Bruce Alexander Brandie, May 18th, 1954.
Martha Jane Dalglish, June 30th, 1954.
Gordon Roy Hathway, May 25th, 1954.
Kurt Frederick Hagan, May 16th, 1954.
Elizabeth Sherwood Lanier, April 12th, 1954.

Marriages

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| DUNCAN CAMERON - NANCY REID | PHILIP HOLT - JOAN M. HAYFORD |
| June 4, 1954, at Toronto. | August 28, 1953, at Chicago. |
| DONALD CANNON - FLORA A. CHAFFE | HENRY JACKMAN - HELEN HISLOP |
| September 12, 1953 at York Mills. | September 2, 1953, at Toronto. |
| ARMAND CHAPUT - KATHERINE KNOLL | HOWARD REYNOLDS - SARAH J. THOMAS |
| June 19, 1954 at Montreal. | July 4, 1953, at Parry Sound |
| SVEN THOMSEN - JOAN DOUGLAS | |
| May 5, 1954, at Chicago. | |

With deep regret, we record the death, on June 3rd, 1954, of Robert D. Ivey, who was a student at Pickering 1942 - 1944.

Editorial Note: The above is an attempt to revive a form of record which for the last few issues of the VOYAGEUR has been allowed to lapse; your help in making such a record more complete in 1955 will be much appreciated.



literary

RAIN

*If, in the mind of a being there is
The quality of recognition of pacification
Then, I would say,
That the simplest element rain
Would be appreciated most naturally
On those days when our emotional thoughts
Are disturbed.*

*Rain, as is disturbed thought, is preceded by
An approaching mask concealing force
Which makes the thought multiply in
Intensity as lightning to thunderous
Upheaval of the sky.*

*As an element rain is soft, regular in
Fall to earth and erosive
Much like the bulbous thought in
A thinker's mind when he is disturbed
Which often causes him to do things
He did not want to do
And say things it is not like him to say.*

*Then in another view is not the very
Monotony of rain the agent of weariness?
There you have it.
The rain flows aside abortive thought
And becomes stagnant with it.*

*But as the rain falls in a pacifying
And cooling rhythm,
One can be slowed down in his thinking
And divert his thought.*

*As rain in its glistening, wet, self
Falls, does it not form a source of content
And clean being in the thinker.
Rain.
It falls on the green to make it greener
And the thinker sleeps.*

—R. C. ARMSTRONG

wonderful town

HARVEY MCLEOD FOUND HIMSELF in completely new environment. He didn't know how he had arrived here; he just walked down a narrow, winding dirt road and here he was.

He had enquired at a very neat, well-kept grocery store where he was, but the white faced grocer simply stated, "You have arrived, my son!" Thoroughly perplexed, Harvey walked out of the grocery store and looked around.

"What a perfectly beautiful village!" he exclaimed. He wandered about, walking in and out of the stores, through the parks, and finally to an ivy-covered stone church. He thought it was the nicest church he had ever seen. Harvey had been quite mystified at the hamlet, but the church really fascinated him. He couldn't quite determine of what denomination the church was. It was at this moment that a friar appeared before him, seemingly out of nowhere.

"How goes it, Harvey McLeod?" he said very softly, so his voice was hardly audible over the cooing of the pigeons in the bell-loft.

"How . . . how do you know my name?" gasped Harvey. It was not only this that perplexed him, but the friar was of extraordinary features. He seemed almost inhuman.

"We have known of your arrival for quite some time," he answered, not raising or lowering his voice to the slightest degree.

"Then perhaps you can tell me where I am," said Harvey, somewhat recovered from his shock.

"Don't you know?" he inquired. His voice had the tone of happiness, and it occurred to Harvey that he had never heard this type of voice before.

"To be perfectly frank, I don't." Harvey's voice contained a mixture of bewilderment and perplexity.

"Suppose," said the friar, "we play a little game. I'd like you to see our village before I let you in on our little secret."

The friar did not wait for Harvey's answer but proceeded to the door. Harvey walked behind him. As they walked, one behind the other, Harvey had more of a chance to size up the friar.

The friar was middle-aged, concluded Harvey. Of that he was reasonably sure. But the features of the friar were what amazed him. He was by far the handsomest man Harvey had ever seen. He was well-built; his muscles reminded Harvey of sinewy grape-vines along a picket fence. And his face! It beheld the look of kindness, understanding, and . . . and of a holiness which was thoroughly strange to Harvey. When he walked out of the church he didn't walk, he glided. One would think his feet never touched the ground.

The friar led Harvey down one street, and up another. But to Harvey they seemed more than just streets; they became roads of happiness, and a strange warmth came over him as he saw the children run up to the friar and take his hand, and kiss it. No, this couldn't be true; it was all too perfect. The children, their faces glowing with radiant happiness; the passers-by on the street; so happy, so responding. Harvey gave a shudder as all these things passed before him. The friar introduced him to one person after another.

And they walked. Harvey felt that he should be tired by now, but strangely he wasn't. He felt as though he would never grow weary again.

Then the friar spoke, the first time he had spoken since they had left the church.

"Now, Harvey, what you are about to see will frighten you, but keep your senses, my son."

And as they rounded the corner, he saw a house. His house; There it stood, the little red brick house, with the white trim, the beautiful rose bushes, the little green porch. For a few minutes, Harvey was speechless. At last, when he found words, a strange calm overcame him.

"This is my house," he said.

And the friar, nodding his head, turned, and walked slowly down the street, a symbol of everything that a man could ask for.

Harvey ran out to the road and cried, "Friar, friar." But the friar moved along, unheeding to Harvey's calls. Harvey turned up the sidewalk and prepared to enter his home. It was then that he noticed a man, standing on the porch, with a bible in hand.

"Hello!" said Harvey in a surprised voice.

"Hello yourself, Harvey McLeod. I'm your next-door neighbour and I thought we should get acquainted.

"Just a minute, please," said Harvey. "That friar, who is he?"

The neighbour paused, and then spoke in a reverent voice. "He's known as Jesus."

—BRUCE MILNE

ski jump

THE CABLE CAR WAS SLOWLY ASCENDING the great slope of Mt. Zuro, one of the best skiing mountains in the Swiss Alps. The passengers, most of whom were members of Canada's Olympic Ski Team, were impressed and awed by the yawning canyons over which they seemed to hover dangerously. The fellows were talking, as young skiers will often talk, about what risks would be involved

in an attempt to ski down this face of the mountain. Most of them preferred the cut trails and smooth slopes of the adjacent side, but Bill Tilden, one of the world's top-notch skiers, laughingly said he'd like to try it but feared that he'd only have one chance out of a hundred of making it. Naturally, his team-mates had some misgivings about the chances but some of them felt that this tall, powerfully-built skier from Banff could do it. He loved downhill skiing as long as it didn't involve jumping from heights. Bill's brother had been killed on a ski-jump six years before.

It may seem odd that people who consider themselves in a dangerous position try to figure out just how dangerous it really is or what would happen if such and such a thing happened. Well, these young men were no different. They began trying to invent possible or impossible occurrences. Contemplating what would happen if the ear plummeted earthward, Harvey Sanford theorized that there wouldn't be too much for them to worry about. A glance over the edge of the sides of the ear convinced the rest of them that he was right.

The forty-five minute trip went on quietly for a while and everyone just sat rather tightly and gazed at the blue sky all around them or at the cable which towed them. The jerk whenever they passed over a pulley was followed by a swinging motion which was a lot like the one when a plane dips in an air pocket.

Suddenly, Bill jumped up from his bench and looked up the length of cable ahead of them. The rest of them, who had by now clustered around behind him, didn't take very long to realize what was wrong. The cable was frayed dangerously at a point about a hundred feet up the slope. While everyone talked at once about what should be done, Bill climbed over the edge of the ear and examined the mechanism of the system.

"See if you can stop us, Bill," shouted someone, "if we go over another one of those pulleys, the car'll fall for sure." But Bill didn't hear his shouts because he already knew what had to be done.

"Hand me a ski-pole," he shouted, "Quickly!" Tom Prevost handed him one. Bill climbed onto the roof of the ear and disappeared.

"Oh, I hope he can stop it in time," cried one of the few women passengers. "We're getting awfully close to the next pulley." They turned to look ahead, and sure enough, the ear was slowly reaching the next crag, where there was a steel tower jutting from the mountain. It was at one of the highest points of the cable. There was a deep crevice just before the tower, exactly where they would fall if the cable snapped at the pulley. Then the car stopped! The women swooned and everyone sighed in unison. Bill scrambled down from the roof amid everyone's congratulations.

"The hard part has to come yet," he explained. "I only short circuited the wires. As soon as the operator at the bottom discovers it, he'll replace it and the car'll be off and we'll be down."

"Yeah, but all you have to do is keep the ski pole in there and we won't

move. The fuses will blow out and they'll have to come and get us." This explanation of Harvey's seemed logical enough to the others but not to Bill.

"Do you want to spend the next six or twelve hours waiting for that cable to break?" he asked. "It would take at least that long for a rescue party to reach us, and to set up their repair crew." The gentle swaying of the car in the wind was enough to make them realize the truth of Bill's statement. For a while, everyone sat and stared at the sky and then at the steep slope below. They knew that if they fell now, they'd hit the bank and roll over and over until they were smashed to pieces on the rocks in the crevices below.

Harvey got up and surprised everyone by offering to jump from the car with his skis on. It was their only chance, so after some discussion about whether he'd make the jump and even more about how he'd get to the bottom of the mountain without killing himself, he prepared for the task before him. He was about to go when Bill stopped him.

"You'll never make it, Harv, let me go." Somehow, they all knew that he'd do that; there were a few mutters of assent and Bill prepared to jump. The spectacle which followed was one that has probably never been equalled before on a ski slope. Bill made a beautiful jump, landed upright and managed to steer away from the crevice. It was the most daring exhibition of skiing that any of them had ever seen. He twisted and turned his way down the treacherous mountain at break-neck speed and when he finally disappeared from their view, they silently prayed.

—PETER LEDUC

on brushing one's teeth

A FAMILIAR SOUND IN THE MORNING and at night is the hollow, rhythmical brushing of teeth, echoing throughout the house. It is usually accompanied, or followed by grunts, gasps, belches, throat clearings and sighs of satisfaction—or in my case, groans.

I hate doing my teeth! Every morning I stagger, yawning all the way, down to the washroom with my soap, towel, comb, brush and of course that dear, dear couple, the toothbrush and paste. Toothpaste, that horrible stuff in that sloppy, hammered-looking container called a tube. I can think of nothing that looks as horrible as a bent up toothpaste tube first thing in the morning.

I stand well back, holding my toothbrush in a position to catch the paste. Holding the tube at arms length I squeeze it, watching that detestable mixture come "oozing" on to the brush like a worm out of an apple. Then after wetting the paste I close my eyes, take a deep breath and surge forward into the fray.

During the cleaning of those invaluable grindstones I manage to get toothpaste outside my mouth, down my front, down my throat and into that miniature mix-master, the stomach.

After my teeth have been fairly well brushed, I get rid of the potent potion, trying desperately, by means of rinsing, to rid myself of the torturing taste in my mouth.

The toothpaste industry has caught with the times very quickly in the last few years. They perfume it, colour it, chlorophyll it, ammoniate it, make it in elephant sizes, sell two for the price of one and through advertisements pound into the public that it will give you a smile which will do everything from winning a movie contract to snaring a boy friend.

No one knows what next they will do to toothpaste — probably have high pressure injectors on the toothbrush for those “hard to get at places”.

Ah heck! Let's go back to soap or salt and soda.

—DOUGLAS CRAWFORD

stream talk

BECAUSE I AM A NATURAL THING, I am beautiful after the fashion of nature, I have a beauty no man can ever construct in a building or a bridge, or paint in a picture. I originate high in an African mountain and I result from hot sun or cold ice and snow and am really a small rivulet at first, quickly becoming a roaring torrent of flashing water, tearing boulders from their age-old abode and then, when the slope of the mountain decreases, I decrease in speed and volume.

Travelling along for the first hundred miles through dense jungle, steaming, infested jungle, I am appreciated by the wild buffalo, lion and mouse alike, for I am life, beauty, and treachery all in one, I affect the golden rays of sun and white of moon through the long days and nights.

I see men with long colourful beards protruding from their faces panning gold from my bottom. I wish they wouldn't, though, because the glittering metal adds to my own charm. It is like taking the rings from a beautiful finger or earrings from beneath the lobes of her ears. I see fish in my midst, usually colourful creatures swishing and leaping from my garbling surface into the air and down again. I see in my travels the mighty mountain silhouettes with clouds overhanging their upper parts and their dense foliage about two-thirds up their sides. I pass through small Indian villages, and gleeful children as black as ebony play in my depths and splash about. I represent much to these folk, for they drink me, wash in me, launder their few clothes in my parts. While traversing an open stretch I see the tall giraffes the rhinoceros and the rabbits. I see many water animals on my bank: and deer and many others all drinking my blessed fluid.

I see many varied natural masterpieces on my travels but soon, as do all things, I come to an end, in a murky alligator pond on the edge of a quicksand bog where I lose all sight of Africa, all beauty, all life.

preparatory department

C. R. Blackstock, B.Sc., Director W. H. Jackman, B.A., Housemaster

Rudy Renzius, Crafts

A. H. Jewell

Richard Carroll, Music

Bill Alger

Joel Cameron

Don Raec



*At Limberlost Lodge**

A YEAR OF LIFE IN FIRTH House reflects the spirit of many mottoes and sayings besides that one which Firth House has made its own: "All for one, one for all". Pictures of soccer and hockey teams in this book show how we have been learning "to struggle with friendly foes", and we worked at this lesson in other areas as well; in baseball, we had a House League; in track and field, we had a Dual Meet with St. Andrew's as well as the usual

number of entries in our own Sports Day events. Planting trees is something of a struggle, too; and early in May we had a tough but satisfying day doing that in the Caledon Hills. These are all good things, because we know, of course, that "there is no growth without struggle". We have certainly moved further into "that untravel'd world whose margin fades" as we move: many new things came to us, not only the facts and figures that we look for in the classroom, but new plays and a new operetta, new work in arts and crafts, and especially this year, new work in music. The parents in England of some boys who came to Pickering during the war years presented to the school a dozen recorders, and under Mr. Carroll's direction, we learned something of the kind of music they can make. "Life" figured, certainly; but so did "liberty and the pursuit of happiness". Our House Committee did well

**Globe and Mail Photo*

in grappling with some problems presented it during the year, and we saw pretty clearly that "liberty" is mixed up with unselfishness and co-operation. We might pick as highlights in our "pursuit of happiness" Hallowe'en, the Christmas banquet, the Firth House banquet, and the School's Closing Dinner; parties at the homes of our masters, and at Miss Zadourian's; acting as hosts to visitors from Rogers House at coffee-time; and perhaps even a wiener roast that got Rained Out! Biggest excursion of all, however, was the trip to Limberlost, and a report of it appears below.

One of the most venerable and important activities of Firth House is the production of the *Pickering-Prep-Press*, which has completed fourteen years of publication. Its Editorial Staff as of June, 1954, was made up of Charles Beer, Tony Allen, Gordon Willson, David Beer, and Dave McLeod, with Mr. Jackman as Staff Adviser. The following material is reprinted from the *Pickering-Prep-Press*, Vol. XIV, No. 3.

limberlost trip

At Pickering in Grades 7 and 8 we have our annual trip to Limberlost Lodge, and we have had it every March for the last five years. Getting preparations made is an exciting job and we have committees like the clothing committee, library, skiing and equipment committees. They all have a part to do in preparation, and at last the day came when we left.

Our trip to Huntsville covers 130 miles and by the time we loaded the equipment, which was borrowed from Mr. Turnbull, a meteorologist at Malton Airport, we were well on our way.

At two we reached Limberlost where we entered the Chalet and Mr. Blackstock told us what rooms we were to have. After we waxed our skis we went out skiing until it was nearly time for dinner, and at Limberlost the meals are good. After dinner we had Chapel for which the songs were picked back at the school. Some of the boys read at the service, too. We had tuck and went to bed.

In the morning Mr. Blackstock told us we had a big day in store for us. After breakfast we started our trek out to an old lumber camp which we reached in good time. Mr. Burns, the district trapper, came with us and we did a little fishing through the ice with him. After the fishing we had lunch and started our trek to the lodge. That night we had Mrs. Hill talk and show us slides on trees. She told us about the pioneers of that district around Limberlost.

The next day we went to a lumber dump and Mr. Don Wilson showed us the kinds and diseases of trees. In the afternoon we had a talk on furs by Mr. McKinnon who also showed us pelts of the animals he talked about. Again that evening Mr. Wilson showed us movies on the prevention of forest fires. Then we had tuck and hit the hay.

The morning following was free after we did our notes and a weather report which every boy had on his own chart. That afternoon we had Mr. Ussher on birds. He talked mainly on owls. Also we had a reporter from the Globe and Mail and he took pictures of certain things we did, including a nature hike. Again that night Mr. Ussher had slides on birds and their habits.

One of our trips around the Lodge was out to the Hill sugar bush. Only half could go so we had to report to the other boys. That afternoon we had Mr. Al Helmesly to talk about more wild life, mainly wolf, beaver and deer. He showed us some slides after his talk. Late in the afternoon Mrs. Hill made some maple sugar by putting it into molds. That night we started to pack for we were going home the next day.

Well, the next day was the day we went home and we loaded our equipment. We left at 11:30 and reached Huntsville and switched buses. We reached Gravenhurst in good time; then we were well on our way.

—David Beer

life

LIFE CAN BE IN MANY DIFFERENT SHAPES. One, to me, is when I am in a mood that is down and I am working at a problem in maths that just will not cooperate, and the time seems like a snail. This takes the shape, to me, of a dull gray wall which someone is trying to pick away with a nail-file.

But there is another shape that it takes; this one can sometimes be found after a hard game of baseball. When you are a bit tired and you are thinking of home and the people there, and of the game, and how the occasional glance of friendship is given, this makes you feel good and you want to do your best.

Life at this time is not a wall but what is behind it. This is a garden, a garden in which there are many beautiful trees and flowers, some standing for love, hate and happiness. There are more of these things that seem much more real than the cold gray wall. They are not gray as the wall, but colorful and active.

There is one more shape that might be called, with me, an anchor man. When everything goes wrong and there is no one who is older to lean on, one thing called nature comes to help. This feeling that you get from it is not active but something older that knows and sends a certain lift to you that carries you. I heard once that nature is just a reflection of God. Maybe that is why we feel so humble in the presence of it.

There is no end to this story on life but it can only go on for as long as you can express your idea of it.

—Roger Wilson

Forty-five

staff notes

FEW FOLLOWERS OF CANADIAN FOOTBALL can be unfamiliar with the voice of Ward Cornell. This spring "Corky" decided to turn his avocation into his vocation, and he has absented himself from the hill-top to explore fully the possibilities of radio and television work in his home town of London. Already, he and Audrey and Susie and Mike are sorely missed; their particular kind of warmth and wit and good cheer cannot be replaced; the friendships they have formed remain. Cork has suspended a long-standing connection; as a student he had been a leader and Garratt Cane winner, enjoying to the full in those days the activities which later were to become part of his many staff responsibilities — the Glee Club, football and hockey, basketball and baseball, the *Voyageur*, the development of a critical insight into literature and history, and countless less concrete items which, approached in his inimitable way, made this community richer and happier. Those talents and attitudes which made Cork so valuable to Pickering will surely be warmly appreciated in his new field, and we can but wish him high success of a thoroughly satisfying kind, in the pleasure of which Audrey and the children will share. Shortly after we go to press, Cork will be en route to Vancouver to cover the British Empire Games; we very much hope that the demands of such important commissions as this, and the pleasures of renewing London associations on the spot, will not prevent the Cornells from "keeping in touch".

Mr. Robert J. Rooks has elected to begin next year postgraduate work in history at the University of Toronto. We know that he will measure up to the high standard of scholarship which marked his work at the high school level, and we only hope that, should the need arise, he will find his professors as cheerfully willing to give him individual help as his students found Bob here! In soccer as well, and in the Commercial Club, Bob gave us much, and we are grateful.

Thorold, Ontario, will welcome back in the autumn the pleasant and sympathetic personality of Mr. John Vangeloff. John will be teaching in the High School there, and we wish him much happiness on his return to his home town.

New and distinctive music was heard on the hill-top this year, pouring from the recorders to the mysteries of which Mr. Richard Carroll introduced some younger members of the community. We would thank Dick for this, and for giving us of his time and talent elsewhere, notably in the Glee Club. He will be continuing his work in church music and musicology in Toronto, and we wish him well.

It is unhappily in the nature of things that our tutors leave for other areas of learning and teaching after their very responsible year on the Pickering staff. With them they take our sincere thanks for the contribution they have made to the life of the school. Their point of view was always thoughtful

and significant; in their handling of their various jobs and relationships, they sometimes achieved a very high level of courage and acumen; we hope that their experiences will stand them in good stead in the years to come. Donald MacMillan, Bill Alger, Joel Cameron, and Don Race will, during the summer, be variously located in Leamington, Oshawa, Algonquin Park and Lindsay, pending new addresses all around come Autumn.

Our Headmaster had no sooner seen his last French student file confidently into the examination hall than he sat down at his desk and began planning for next year. He is spending the bulk of the summer at the College, with a brief holiday at his cottage, with his family, on Cameron Lake.

Blackie and Keith are at Mazinaw with their families, where Mrs. Jackman and Miss Zadourian are also members of the Pickering "in-group". Henry Jackman is again pursuing for a few weeks his professional studies at Toronto before a holiday at Mazinaw.

Don Stewart is having about a month in Italy, where he hopes to meet Tony Frisch; both, no doubt, are gathering background material for their courses next year. This continent is being checked with a Hemingway eye by Don Summerhayes, who is roving now east, now west in Canada. Al Jewell is stationed at the hotel in Windermere, studying the land-of-the-sky-blue-water and its summer denizens. Mr. and Mrs. Clifton (and Janie) will be at their farm for most of the summer.

Mrs. Henderson is spending most of the summer at her home in Orangeville. Should she visit the College from time to time, she will stand a good chance of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Green; Mr. and Mrs. Menard; Mr. and Mrs. Maitland; Mr. and Mrs. Renzius; our indefatigable secretarial staff, Mrs. Jeans, Mrs. Olson, Miss Windeyer, and Miss Thompson; and she might encounter 'Gene Cherniak, who is based at the College while carrying on scientific work a little distance away.

A most welcome addition to our school in the summer of 1953 was the erection of three staff houses facing Second Street on our North Campus. This year they have been occupied by the Blackstocks, Cornells, and McLarens, and it has been good to have our family thus more closely assembled on the hill-top.

Our staff notes would not be complete without a word of appreciation to Mr. Sanford King who added so much beauty to our grounds and gardens during the spring and summer months. Mr. King has been our farm manager since 1928 and we are very indebted to him for making our hilltop so lovely and attractive.



1804 — 1954

meeting house

IN COMMEMORATION of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Establishment of Friends' Meeting on Yonge Street the Twenty-first Day of the sixth Month, 1804.

We honour their memory.
 " 'Tis a joy
To look across the wistful
memoried years
And summon back the faces kind and
calm
Of old-time Friends, who gathered
'neath this roof
In bygone days; who loved these
ancient seats
Of fragrant wood, and loved the
sheltering trees,
And tender violets among the grass
As still we love."

—J. Russel Hayes

Note: The above photo and text are reproduced from a leaflet distributed at the Canada Yearly Meeting held at Pickering College, June 25-28, 1954. The College, continually mindful of its antecedents, is proud to join in this commemorative tribute.

athletics

senior football

UNDER THE CAPABLE DIRECTION of coach Don Menard and his assistant "Corky" Cornell, the Pickering senior football team started their year by playing the expert first team of Upper Canada College and were defeated 18-6. "Rapid Robert" King scored our six points in a game which was well played. This game cost us the services of our star backfielder John Tattle for several weeks.

The second tussle saw the "P.C." Gardens get edged 12-5 by Ridley's second team. "Clot" Stewart brought us a major in this session.

Next we went to "Cheddarville" and again were just beaten 9-6 by Appelby with Stewart again bringing us a major.

The fourth game took us far away from home to Aurora to hold the Aurora gridders to an 11-11 tie. "Rookie" Ruys carried the pigskin over the line in a spirited drive. A little later "Crazyheels" Zwarych repeated the action.

Now we come to the Grove game when the blue and silver team blanked Grove 21-0 with King and Zwarych ringing up the score with three and one touchdowns respectively.

We then shifted to Toronto to meet Runnymede and after a hard fought game on a rough gridiron we found ourselves down 30-18. "Slinging-Sam" Sharpe accounted for two majors while the persistent King scored again.

Having recovered "My Dear" John Tattle, we were set for a game with Upper Canada and this time held them to a 2-2 tie. John came through with both points.

SENIORS



In the final game of the season we met the co-champions of the little big four, S.A.C., on the Memorial field. We were beaten by 30-11 and saw the superb catching ability of Stringer, from S.A.C., put into play. Zwarych pounded over for a major and "Regnet" Nash scooped up a fumble and crossed the line unmolested for a T.D.

I think the most outstanding players were: on the line, "Moose" Dean a line backer, "Grand Central" Connor, who was prominent at middle and "Lippy" Mickle, the husky inside.

I am not sorry to say that we can't pick an outstanding member of the backfield because they all played terrific ball.

I'm sure, although we didn't set the world on fire, we all had a good time.

THE ROSTER

ENDS — Simms, Burt, F. Little and Branton

TACKLES — Connor, S. Little, Enerson, Skuse, and Nash

GUARDS — Mickle, Dean, Thomson, and Lowrey

CENTRES — Crawford, and Forbes

TAIL-BACKS — Tattle and Stewart

BACKS — Sharpe, King, Zwarych, and Ruys

WING-BACKS — Facer, Wesley, McLeod, and Leduc

COACHES — Don Menard and "Corky" Cornell

junior football

ALTHOUGH HAMPERED BY NUMEROUS INJURIES, this was certainly one of the greatest seasons in the history of the P.C. Junior's. This was certified Thursday (Nov. 5) when, led by their Captain John Brownlee, they edged their old rivals S.A.C. with an 18-11 victory, in a highly spirited game. With the small but speedy backfield of John Brownlee, Jack Tipping, Don Downs, Broder Allen, and Greig Farstad, the expert coaching of Keith McLaren and Don MacMillan, plus of course the flea-flicker, glory-play of Dave Scatcherd, they mounted up some mighty, decisive scores over their various rivals. Their only setbacks were a close 7-6 defeat by S.A.C. and a 23-17 game at T.C.S.

The biggest thrill of the season was the Upper Canada game of course, where at half time, U.C.C. IV's were behind to a 41-0 score. Upper Canada then trotted their II's out of the field at the start of the second half and they took their showers with a 9-6 setback on their shoulders.

This team had as well as those already mentioned, Alex Perron and occasionally Al Chambers, and Bob Macklin in the backfield. The starting line was Scatcherd and Macklin, ends, MacLean and Ross, middles, Nieukirk and Chambers, insides, and either Powell or Dresser at center. The other linemen were Campbell, Bowlby, Whittaker, David, Hayden, Bateman, Moore, Smith and before their injuries, Muncaster and Hanley.



JUNIORS

Coaches McLaren and MacMillan deserve credit for the development of their team which made Pickering very proud, and the players, who in the future will make a terrific senior team.



bantam football

CONSIDERING MANY OF THE BOYS were playing their first year of football, they did pretty well. The team got off to a poor start, but improved later in the season. The team lost their first three games, two to S.A.C. and one to Hillfield. The fourth game showed improvement with a 12-12 tie against S.A.C. The fifth and sixth games were lost to S.A.C. and Trinity respectively.

Until this time the team lacked spirit, but caught fire in the next two games, by beating Runnymede 3-1 and Newmarket High 12-10.

The team was coached by Mr. Cherniak, who was ably assisted by Joel Cameron, with a few words on occasion from Manager Paul Feldman. They did a good job with the material they had. The team was sparked by their starry half-backs, Pete Feldman, Capt., Bruce Andrews, and Tom Copeland. Others in the backfield were Mexicotte, Sowden and Keller. The line positions were held by: Hethrington, Sutton, Ward, Argo, Albert, Wilson, White, Beasley, Coupey, Smith, Pearson, Robinson, Levine, "Toe" Starling, Bayne, and Purdy.

Next year I'm sure they can look forward to a fairly successful season, with their bettered knowledge.

JUNIOR SOCCER



SENIOR SOCCER

soccer

LAST FALL SOME OF US PLAYED SOCCER. I think we all had an enjoyable time on the North Field and in our friendly but nonetheless, tense tussles with our rival schools. At any rate, the members of both senior and intermediate teams took a keen interest in the sport, even though some were handicapped by insufficient experience in the basic drills of the game. We were fortunate in having, besides good "esprit", a small corps of very able and experienced players from Central America and England.

It was a good season, with perfect weather, and the thrill of stimulating team competition. The senior team did very well, winning the majority of its games — even beating a U. of T. 2nd eleven! They beat U.C.C. — which was the first time that team had been beaten for several years. (It must be confessed, however, that U.C.C. won the rubber by beating us 2 games out of 3.)

A description of the season would not be complete without mention of our games against Newmarket F.C. It was a privilege to have this opportunity to play against men of real skill and men who showed a fine sense of sportsmanship. If they had been in better training, it is doubtful whether we would have been as successful as we were. Let us hope we have a chance of meeting them again next year.

To all who played soccer, congratulations on a fine season!

tennis

ANOTHER DELIGHTFUL SPRING HAS COME and gone at Pickering, and those of us who enjoyed the returning sun (and exciting sport) on the tennis courts, are sorry to see it go. Many took advantage of the opportunity the three courts provided to start learning the game; others, more or less experienced, were happy to get back on to a court again, to pit their skill against a friend's, or feel the thrill of having put across a well-placed shot. But most of all, I think, we were all glad of the welcome relaxation Tennis provided.

It was a good season; one had only to be present on the corridors after lunch or afternoon classes when the search for rackets and balls by those lacking in those essentials (though not in vocal power) began, or listen for a moment to the twangs, grunts, derisive laughter, etc., coming from the direction of the courts on any afternoon, to know that.

Seriously, we all had a good time. Let's hope we all have the chance to keep up the game this summer.



UPPER—*First Team*

FIRTH HOUSE SOCCER

LOWER—*Second Team*

skiing

THERE WAS CONSIDERABLE INTEREST in skiing at Pickering this year and the school colours were actually carried in races by Garth Enerson, who won three first places in the Ontario Interscholastic Ski meet.

Garth tried to get a ski team organized and they started training for the big meet at North Bay. Plans fell through mostly due to the cost of such a venture, in addition to the fact that they would have to miss a couple of days' classes. The Pickering Ski team consisted of the following: Garth Enerson, Alfie Ruys, Pete Leduc, Bob Macklin, Bill Patten and Dave Mickle.

first hockey

MOLDED BY A NUCLEUS OF LAST YEAR'S PLAYERS, and strengthened by this year's new blood, the first team made a standout showing on the 1954 hockey front. The team started slowly, highlighted the season with a magnificent victory over The Grove at Lindsay, and finished strongly. So jubilant were the team and its pinch-hitting coach, Mr. Beer, after the Lindsay encounter, that all partook of a Victory Dinner in Lindsay, with Coach as host, and speeches all around.

One thing is certain; guided by Coach Blackstock and captained by John Tattle, this year's team played hard, if at times inexperienced, hockey, always learning and always trying.



Peter McLeod



John Tattle



A. Ruys de Peres
MANAGER



D. Stewart



E. Lowrey



Harry M. Beer
HEADMASTER



John Brownlee



Jas. MacLean



Robert King



C.R. Blackstock
COACH

SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM 1953 - 1954



Nordy Nosov



Garth Enerson



John Wesley



Thos. Connor



Paul Dean



*Second
Hockey*



*Prep
Hockey*



*Fourth
Hockey*

second hockey

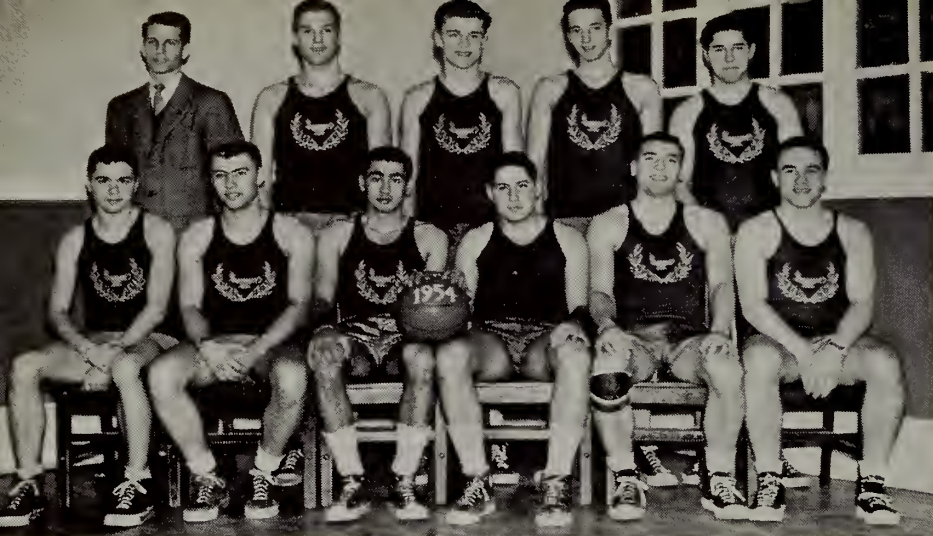
*“When they were good, they were very, very good.
And when they were bad, they were wretched!”*

AND MOST OF THE TIME Coach Cornell found them very, very good. Although lacking experienced players, the '54 Seconds were able to become skilled enough at passing, scoring and keeping out of the penalty box to win six games, tie one and lose four. Victories over S.A.C. II, Lakefield, Appleby, Ridley saved a mortgaged house, a sick child, a job and Forbes' ill health and, most important of all, the year picture from being taken in figure skates.



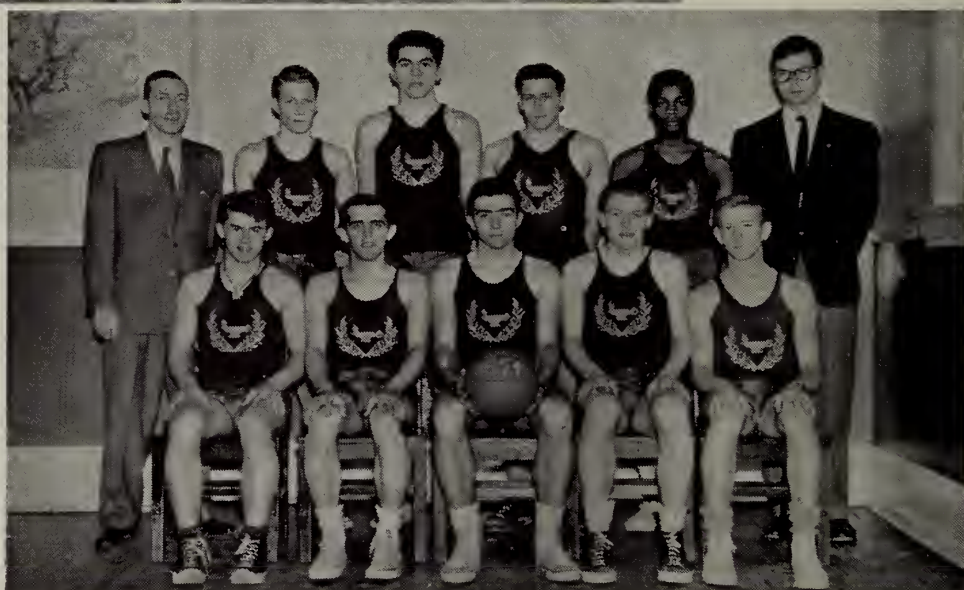
third hockey

THE HOCKEY BANTAMS experienced a short Hockey season this year. Their sole competition was the St. Andrews MacDonald House Fourths. Four games were played against this squad, Pickering College losing three and tying one game. However, the tight scores indicated closely matched play. The bulk of the season was taken up with practice sessions on the Town rink and on the School outdoor rink against Pickering College Seconds and Fourths, a much stronger squad, losing to them by one goal only. Jack Tipping worked well in the nets being ably assisted by Seatcherd, Sharpe, Whittaker and Larry Willis at Defense. Hanley and Keller acted as able pivot men while Feldman, Bateman, Sowden and Cartwright were the remaining forwards. “Dad” Willis did a fine job as team Rover.



Orjuns

Seniors



senior basketball

AFTER SEVERAL EARLY SETBACKS the senior team, to the battle cry of, "Smile, darn you, smile," came through in high style to win the Georgian Bay District Senior "B" COSSA championship. The team's entry in the COSSA was an experiment for Pickering, which has long shunned academic requirements for any sport, and there was a momentary disappointment early in January when it was discovered that certain players would not be eligible for this competition.

The team was then regrouped under the guidance of freshman coach Summerhayes, and entered into a schedule with local high schools stretching

Fifty-eight

from Richmond Hill to Alliston. Led by the stalwart playing of Bruce "Fuzzy" Milne, Wayne "Weaser" Simms, Ron Zwaryeh, Dick Facer, Al David and Greig Farstad, the team arrived in the third spot for league competition, but being the only team classed as "B", were automatic contestants for the district semi-finals.

Gravenhurst was roundly beaten by the happy Pickering quintet that was just beginning to learn that a smile is often the best offence, and then there followed a closely contested round with Midland, which resulted in the championship victory. High among the year's occasions were the basket-tangling of Ralph Armstrong and the comic-book reading of Stan Dresser which had been calculated to throw off the other team by a show of indifference to points. Doug Crawford was a blushing sensation when he scored his first basket, against Newmarket, and it looked for a while as if there would be nothing capable of stopping the 'big team'.

The season closed with a visit to Toronto for the COSSA Central Ontario Finals, where Pickering was squeezed out of a sure win by six points, and bowed graciously, always smiling, to Albert College.

junior basketball

THE JUNIORS FOLLOWED THE PATH of the Seniors in entering the Georgian Bay District league of COSSA; because of their inexperience, their success was not as spectacular. Because, however, of persistent, hard practise, they finished strongly, winning their last three games in a series of ten. Don Menard was their coach, and the record suggests that from him they came to learn much about basketball which will stand them in good stead next year.

Members of the team were: Macklin (Captain), Allen, Andrews, Bateman, Blankestijn, Daymond, Jim King, Melville, and Smith.

midgets

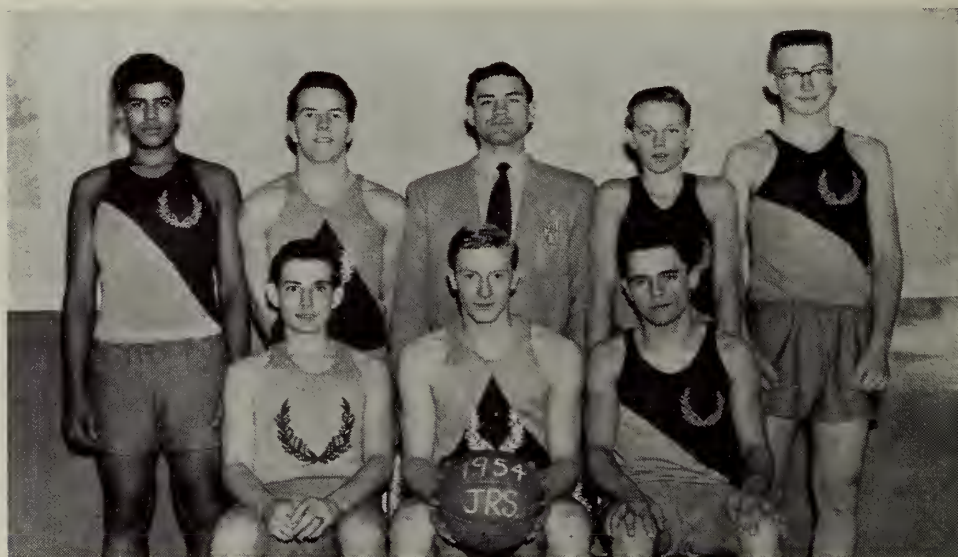
THE MIDGETS WERE BEGINNERS who had a lot of fun and laid the foundations for future basketball success. Under Don Race's coaching, they gained one victory, and continued to learn cheerfully in the face of defeat. It will be noted that two of the Midget enthusiasts had places on the Junior team as well: Bruce Andrews, Midget Captain, and Addie Blankestijn. Other members of the team were: Crump, Hethrington, Howe, Mexicotte, MacDonald, Sowden, and Ward.

orfuns

CERTAIN OF THE ORFUNS were acutely disappointed by their technical ineligibility for COSSA play; they are to be congratulated for their quick recovery from this personal setback, and for their handling of a series of

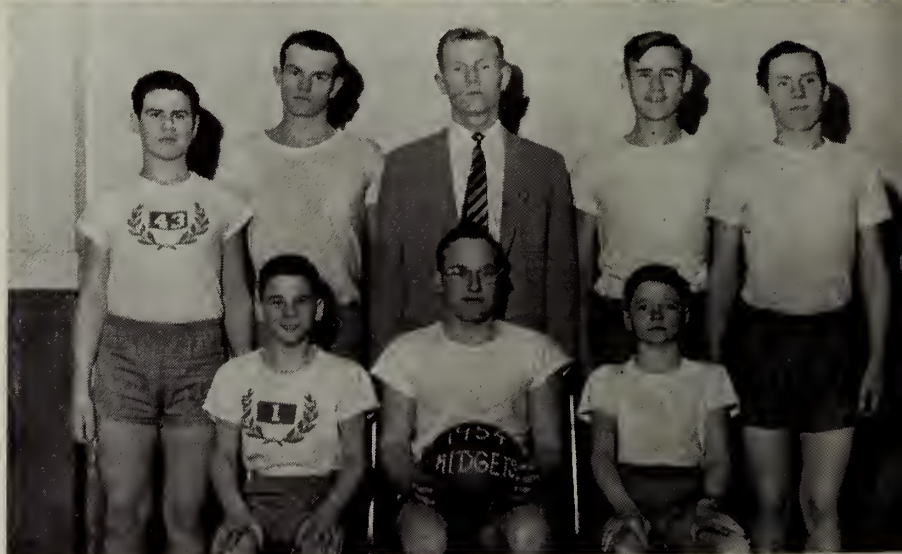
exhibition games with spirit and skill. Their season showed five wins against two losses, in competition with Orillia, U.C.C., U.T.S., and Pickering Old Boys. It is worthy of note, too, that the Orfuns defeated the Senior Team at the end of the season; admittedly the Seniors had just been eliminated after a long and tough series of league games, but the fact stands!

Members of the team were: Marinakys (Captain), Burt, Chambers, Fred Little, Stu Little, Nash, Nieu Kirk, Pierobon, Scatcherd, Sharpe, and Thomson. John Joel "Stretch" Cameron was Coach, passing on the benefit of his many years' experience of Pickering basketball.



Juniors

Midgets



baseball

THE MELLOW TONES of Nurdy's trumpet were the first indication that the 1954 Baseball season was about to begin. A sudden hush of admiration and wonderment fell over the eager countenances of the waiting spectators. They must have been overwhelmed by the Pickering College Student Band playing the "Blue and Silver Forever". The parade marched on to the diamond, their eyes kept forward and keeping an unwavering rank. The standard bearers were followed by the P. C. Student Band which in turn was followed by the Headmaster's limousine, chauffeured by "Shorty". The Headmaster and his assistant Michael Cornell were seated therein. As soon as the crowds had regained their composure and wiped the tears from their eyes and the parade had gone around the bases, the Headmaster walked solemnly out to the pitcher's mound wearing the customary formal attire, specifically, tails, white tie and top hat. He was followed by his assistant, who was dressed in an almost identical costume. This year, we innovated a new custom, that the Head and his assistant would each throw a ball. The Head pitched the first ball amid cheers from the spectators and Chairman Wesley hit a line drive which nearly decapitated the assistant to the Headmaster; Mike thought he might just as well leave at this point, and his golf ball remained unpitched.

The game which followed was closely contested but an unlucky inning for the students caused them to lose to the Staff. The final score will not be mentioned because we do not wish to embarrass certain members of the student ball team.

track and field

TRACK AND FIELD EVENTS at Pickering College this spring not only reflected, but also did much to inspire, an increasing interest in this form of athletic activity in Ontario and Canada. A major innovation was the running of an invitation relay race meet known as "The Quaker Relays" at the College on May 15th. More than twenty schools sent four-man teams to compete in fourteen races, each named after a well-known Canadian track personality. Pickering's team won the Larry O'Connor Senior Shuttle Hurdle. Mr. Blackstock, who conceived the idea of the meet, Mr. Jack Rayner, who gave his enthusiastic support, and other members of the Meet Committee, are to be congratulated on its success; they have established well a significant new fixture in the realm of provincial athletics.

The preceding Saturday, more than 150 athletes representing twelve schools competed on Memorial Field in the COSSA Georgian Bay District meet. Pickering College and St. Andrew's tied for first place on total points, with Greig Farstad gaining three firsts. At the Upper Canada Relays later in the month, the College placed second to U.C.C., but established two new records.

A team made up of Ian Paterson, Dave Stewart, Doug Thomson, and Ron Zwarych bettered by two seconds the previous time for the 880-yard Senior Medley, and Broder Allen set a new time for the 120-yard Hurdles (Intermediate). A dual track and field meet was held with Newmarket High School on May 19th.

The climax of a year's intra-mural activity came, with traditionally close competition, on Sports Day. The Silver Team, with Ron Zwarych as Captain for the day, ranked first on the day's events, but the Red Team, under Alf Ruys, had the highest score for the year. New records were set at the intermediate level by Broder Allen, Greig Farstad, and Jack Tipping. Events were run off with brisk efficiency, as usual, and our many visitors found them of continual interest, their pleasure enhanced by splendid weather and the festive spirit which pervades the community on this occasion.

colour awards

THE FOLLOWING STUDENTS received their Athletic Colour Awards at Pickering College, Monday evening, June 7, 1954.

FIRST COLOURS

Connor, T., Grimsby; Crawford, D., Toronto; Dean, P., Sudbury; Enerson, G., Lethbridge; Facer, D., Sudbury; King, B., Bermuda; MacLean, J., Callander; Marinakys, M., Honduras; Milne, B., Le Roy, N.Y.; Nash, R., Woodstock; McLeod, P., North Bay; Paterson, I., Toronto; Pierobon, J., Honduras; Ruys, A., Oakville; Simms, W., Sudbury; Stewart, D., Toronto; Tattle, J., Toronto; Thomson, D., Montreal; Wesley, J., Thornhill; Zwarych, R., St. Catharines.

SECOND COLOURS

Allen, B., Toronto; Bateman, C., Cornwall; Branton, R., Leamington; Brownlee, J., London; Burt, A., Stratford; Chambers, A., Hamilton; Copeland, T., Elmvale; Downs, D., Lennoxville, Que.; Dresser, S., Leamington; Farstad, G., Lethbridge; Forbes, J., Whitby; Leduc, P., Iberville, Que.; Lowrey, E., North Bay; Muncaster, R., Sudbury; Macklin, R., Ottawa; Patten B., Ottawa; Scatcherd, D., London; Sharpe, J., Toronto; Tipping, J., Elmvale; White, E., Pickering; Willis, D., Toronto.

THIRD COLOURS

Andrews, B., Toronto; Blackstock, B., Newmarket; Blankestijn, A., Trinidad; Boyce, B., Temiskaming; Feldman, Paul, Montreal; Feldman, Peter, Montreal; Keller, S., Toronto; King, J., Bermuda; Moret, P., Richmond, Que.; Plettner, W., Mexico; Sowden, B., Simcoe; Willis, L., Toronto.

PREP. AWARDS

Allen, Tony, Toronto; Beer, C., Newmarket; Beer, D., Newmarket; Hons, R., Cartagena, Colombia, S.A.; MacDonald, R., Sault Ste. Marie; McLeod, D., Toronto; Puddifoot, J., Hawkesbury; Stitt, A., Toronto; White, A., Toronto; Willson, G., Toronto; Wilson, R., Montreal.

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